NEW MASSES

April 25, 1939 Fifteen Cents a Copy

Earl Browder
Think Deep, Think Fast, America

Chamberlain's Fumble
Richard Goodman's Cable

J. B. S. Haldane
Spring Styles in War

Robert Terrall
Mrs. Reid's Herald Tribune

James Dugan
New Deal Bar and Grille

David Richards, Harry Slochower, Mario Michele, Milton Meltzer, Dale Kramer, Edwin Berry Burgum, A. Ajay, Mischa Richter, Colin Allen, Aime, Ned Hilton

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Between Ourselves

THANKS to our readers NEW MASSES is out this week. Our friends have begun to respond to our SOS. During the past week you have contributed $3,286, which has brought the total in our $30,000 drive up to $16,589. It is this $3,286 that has enabled us to publish this issue. However, $5,000 of the total contributed thus far is in canceled notes. This reduces our debt, but does not add to our income. There is a rift in the clouds.

BUT THE STORM HAS NOT PASSED.

We have a week's breathing spell. But the drive is meant to give us a year's breath of life—a year to hammer away at reaction and help build a world of freedom. Your efforts to save NEW MASSES must not die down. There will be no cheering until NEW MASSES has $30,000.

$13,411 to go. Many readers have not responded. We propose a plan to them. We realize the seriousness of what we ask. Briefly—will you give NEW MASSES a day's pay? A day's pay is a lot of money to you. And what a lot of money a day's pay from several thousand readers is to us! As a matter of fact it would send us over the top of our drive with bells ringing. Will you make this sacrifice? Remember, the loss of NEW MASSES in these critical days would be a far greater sacrifice.

On our back cover there is a message from Ralph Bates, Paul de Kruif, Robert Forsythe, Ruth McKenney, Dorothy Parker, and Donald Ogden Stewart. Read it. They do not exaggerate. They have helped NEW MASSES to the limit. Your day's pay will answer them.

THE STORM HAS NOT PASSED.

Next week we face the situation again. If contributions continue in an encouraging ratio we will begin to catch up with the nemesis. But you must join the minority of NEW MASSES readers who have thus far answered the SOS. Send in your dollars and dimes. Give a day's pay toward saving NEW MASSES. Rush money and checks to 461 Fourth Ave., New York City.

RICHARD GOODMAN is NM's European correspondent. . . . Earl Browder is general secretary of the Communist Party, USA. . . . J. B. S. Haldane, a frequent contributor to NM, is known throughout the world as a scientist and Marxist. . . . David Richards has written several pamphlets on taxes and other economic subjects. . . . Robert Terrall's article in this issue is the first of a series on large newspapers. . . . Paul G. McManus is our Washington correspondent. . . . Mario Michele's writings have appeared in NM, the *New Republic,* and other periodicals. . . . Harry Slochower is the author of *Three Ways of Modern Man* and a critical study of Thomas Mann. He teaches at Brooklyn College. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is a member of the English department of New York University. . . . Dale Kramer, a Minnesota writer, was formerly secretary of the National Farm Holiday Association and editor of the *Farm Holiday News.* . . . Don Gordon's "Death Masks" in this issue is the second of a series of his poems under that general title.

John Steinbeck's new novel, *Grapes of Wrath,* is the Book Union selection for April. Dorothy Parker has written a special introduction for the *Book Union Bulletin.* Granville Hicks will review the book for NM.

To raise money for the NM fund drive, the Committee of Professionals is giving a party Saturday evening, April 22, at 8:30, at the Delphic Studios, 44 West 56th St., N. Y. C.

Flashbacks

MEMO to Tom Mooney: On April 25, 1917, Russian workers led by Lenin demonstrated before the American embassy in Petrograd for the freedom of an imprisoned American workingman whom they referred to as "Muni." . . . Of the Easter uprising in Ireland, which took place April 24, 1916, Lenin wrote: "The misfortune of the Irish is that they rose prematurely when the revolt of the European proletariat had not yet matured. Capitalism is not so harmoniously built that the various springs of rebellion can immediately merge of their own accord without reverses and defeats." . . . American tailoresses, demanding higher wages, conducted this country's first all-women's strike April 23, 1825.

This Week

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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New Masses

VOLUME XXXI APRIL 25, 1939 NUMBER 5

Chamberlain Fumbles the Ball

With the possibilities of peace in his hands, Chamberlain is tempted by one further try at appeasement. Soviet collaboration the only way out now.

London (By Cable).

THE other day a French journalist stopped me in the street and said, "So Chamberlain has gone Red at last." I stared at him a while and then asked what he meant. "Well," he naively replied, "He's linking up with Russia, isn't he?" So I had to tell him the facts, and they didn't make very nice listening—or reading either, for that matter. But they are important and must be set down.

Although the direction of British policy since March 15 when Praha fell has created a situation in Europe in which an immediate explosion is no longer improbable, the best informed opinion in London and Paris still inclines to the belief that the "big push" will not occur before mid-May. It is known that the German plan is for a series of short terrorist jabs—Praha, Memel, Rumania, Tirana—leading up to the big effort, which, however, would be sufficiently elastic to enable it to be called off if a real stiffening of the democracies presented the axis with a genuine threat of war on at least two fronts, in the West and the East. In that event there would be an offer, at the last moment apparently, of a conference to discuss the situation and present the demand that something be done about Germany's colonial claims. British refusal of the Soviet's proposal of March 18 for an immediate conference of the democratic powers, the failure to push ahead with an alternative four-power declaration by Britain, France, Russia, and Poland, the dangerous gaps in the Polish pledge, and the intrigues with Mussolini and Franco, have all encouraged the axis to deliver a jab which may possibly be just a bit too hard and precipitate a war that a strong democratic linkup would prevent.

It is true, of course, that at last, under pressure of public opinion and of the refusal by Turkey to be "guaranteed" unless the Soviet Union is brought right in, Anglo-Soviet talks have begun. But the question is still complicated by the British desire to limit Soviet cooperation—raw materials, munitions, and aerial assistance to Poland—indicating that Mr. Chamberlain is still not prepared finally to throw appeasement overboard. For the fact is that once the Soviet Union is brought into the peace bloc, the policy of appeasement is automatically made impossible. And it is this fact, rather than any skepticism about the "strength of the Red Army," that is today holding up the establishment of collective security in Europe.

It would of course be wrong to give the impression that the crazy patchwork of guarantees is simply a preparation for a new sell-out. Britain is genuinely trying to build up some strength which could be used either against the axis in the event of war or as a bargaining factor with the axis in the event of a new Munich. The fact is, however, that without the USSR this system is desperately weak and is not only threatened constantly with internal collapse but does not constitute a serious barrier against further aggression. Take, for example, the case of the Polish pledge. What can Britain do to assist Poland? Principally the emphasis must be on naval assistance, but the fact is that in the event of war precipitated by a German attack on Poland one of the first things the Nazis would do—and there is no doubt about this in Paris—would be to invade Denmark and Holland and blockade the Baltic. And *without the assistance of the USSR no real defense of Poland could be organized.* Again, there is reason to believe that Warsaw's objections to the inclusion of the USSR in the Polish guarantee were not really so big as they have been made out to be by the British. For, to take only one aspect of the

SCENE OF THE SEDUCTION. *While Chamberlain listens to the siren song of Mussolini, Hitler and his ally Hungary prepare to divide Yugoslavia between them, thus dominating Southeastern Europe.*

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problem, it is possible to prevent Poland from becoming a battlefield, and to ensure that a war in the East would be fought on German territory, only if the Red Army goes into action alongside the Polish army—and the Polish people don't want their country to be turned into a battlefield as long as they can help it.

PLAYING WITH MUSSOLINI

The instability of the British position is perhaps best shown by the situation in the Balkans. While he was consistently refusing to do anything more than keep the USSR "informed," Mr. Chamberlain was trying desperately to play ball with Mussolini. Just five days before Good Friday, on April 2, Mussolini received a cordial personal message from Chamberlain. The day that message was sent, London already knew of the preparations for the move against Albania (discussed between Goering and Ciano and Keitel and the Italian General Staff long beforehand). The axis naturally took this message as London's okay for these plans. On the Thursday before Good Friday two things happened. First, the announcement was made that the prime minister would spend the holiday at Castle Forbes, and second, the Polish foreign minister, Colonel Beck, held his last talks at the Foreign Office. The announcement of Chamberlain's intentions, made when everyone knew the attack on Albania was scheduled to begin the following morning, was immediately taken by the Poles and Yugoslavs as an indication of just how new the boasted "new" British policy was. As a result the pro-German capitulationist elements in Poland and Yugoslavia were strengthened and the patchwork British system weakened.

After the Albanian invasion the natural thing would have been to do everything possible to improve the position of anti-axis elements in Yugoslavia, but nothing whatsoever has been done. Yet Yugoslavia is the key sector in Southeastern Europe. On the one hand, it is in a key strategic position and could be effectively used by the democracies to prevent the whole of the Balkans going over to the axis. On the other hand, the Germans have a plan—a plan which is known in London—for dividing Yugoslavia up between themselves and Hungary, the Nazis taking Croatia, and the Hungarians, as their price for collaboration with the axis, getting Serbia. If now the chance of Hungary's getting its cut were seriously reduced, Hungary in its turn would be less inclined to collaborate with the axis. The whole Southeastern situation would then be strengthened in favor of the menaced countries and the big democracies.

THE MUNICH WAY

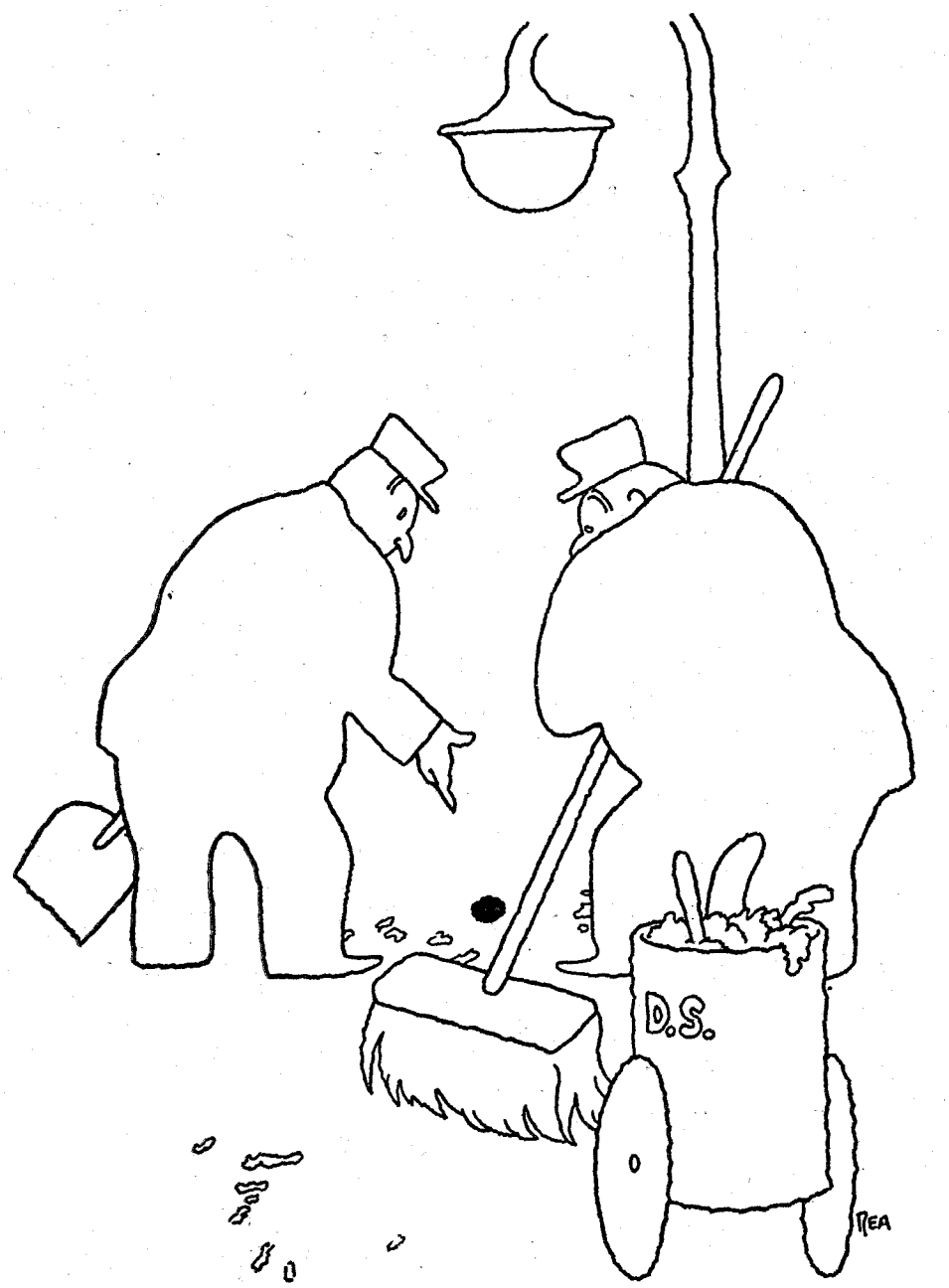
But instead of reasoning this way, Chamberlain has been falling for the seductive words of the Italian government and its agents, that if only Italy could dominate Yugoslavia, Mussolini would get a foothold against Berlin. The fact sticks out, then, that the Chamberlain government is refusing complete collaboration with the USSR for the simple reason that it believes that between the alternatives of war and such collaboration there is still a third alternative—the old Munich path, which would be closed forever by alliance with the socialist sixth of the world. At the time of writing this, however, it looks as if public opinion in Britain—from the Communists on the left to the Churchillians on the right—is at last forcing the government to take the USSR seriously. The negotiations which were started on April 15 are said to have gone beyond preliminary stages.

One can rely on Maxim Litvinov to do all in his power to obtain that collective democratic front which the Communists have always urged. But can one rely upon the present British government to stay clear of new efforts at sabotage? Unfortunately, no. As the German and Italian fleets concentrate around Gibraltar and German bombers move up to the Dutch frontier, the tories may attempt a new Munich. If they do, it will mean war. For the fact is that today a new Munich would necessitate giving the axis more than can possibly be given. In this situation, therefore, democrats and peacelovers in Europe place their hopes on the great land of socialism and on the influence of the United States. It need hardly be added that President Roosevelt's message to Hitler and Mussolini has inspired new hope among the peoples of Europe and greatly strengthened the hand of those who are working for collective resistance.

RICHARD GOODMAN.

Hope for the Balkans

SIMON & SCHUSTER announce that arrangements have been completed for a Rumanian edition of Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. This marks the seventeenth country in which the book has been published.



Gardner Rea

"Don't be silly—Pegler has rings under his eyes."

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The New Deal Bar and Grille

James Dugan surveys some aspects of Pennsylvania's Republican hangover. Cracks and fissures in the Keystone State probed by a native son.

Altoona, Pa.

REPUBLICAN Governor James of Pennsylvania, who conducted the greatest demagogic campaign since Huey Long, is having a large headache trying to pay off on two kinds of campaign pledges. According to capital rumor his campaign was financed in the following manner: Joseph N. Pew, Jr., raised a million among the oil interests; Jay Cooke a million from the bankers; Joe Grundy a million from the manufacturers; E. T. Weir a million from the steel men; and Moe Annenberg picked up a million at random through his Philadelphia *Inquirer* and his race-tip racket. To these gentlemen James promised *economy*. To the people who elected him James promised *jobs*. The GOP for the first time organized genuine Young Republicans. Where the age limit for young stalwarts had previously been forty to sixty, the James gang opened up youth clubs in the neighborhoods and promised every young person a job. It worked. Now the young people are asking for the jobs. The ward leaders and the petty bosses are in hiding from this army of chagrined youth because the governor is naturally following a straight economy campaign. There are no jobs. The rank-and-file leaders are in revolt. Republican State Sens. George Dietrich of Northumberland County and John C. Walker of Allegheny have led the putsch, making speeches against James' policy of Grundy appeasement. Both men were immediately named to the patronage committee but the committee is not large enough to hold all the malcontents.

WHEN ECONOMY MOVES IN

The $6,000,000 building program at the Pennsylvania State College, made possible by Governor Earle, James' Democratic predecessor, is in danger. The buildings are nearly completed but James promises no funds for equipment and maintenance. Bill Green's AFL stooge, Lewis G. Hines, has been named secretary of labor. Work on the all-weather turnpike from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, which runs on a straight level across Pennsylvania's twisting mountains, has been stopped. The eight bills so far passed in the Legislature have cost $600,000 to enact. James threatens again to split the Pennsylvania State Police into highway patrols and constabularies. The last-named Cossacks have a notorious anti-labor record and Governor Earle had in effect abolished them by merging them with the useful highway patrol. A huge mental hospital built by Earle is unused because of the lack of appropriation for equipment and maintenance. Personnel in the Public Service Commission has been cut two-thirds; another huge cut was made in the Department of Forests and Waters.

PRICE

Republicans paid $10 for a vote, a considerable gain over the $5 that had been standard during the lean years.

DISTURBANCE

A slight riot was caused at a Philadelphia polling place by the presence of fifty Republican watchers at $10 each.

RAGE

Everybody in Pennsylvania plays Chinese checkers. Chinese checker parties have come to rival bingo orgies.

BOOK NEWS

Four people in Altoona have read *Man's Hope*.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

The day Hitler marched into Praha the Altoona *Mirror's* colossal headline read, "FULL CREW LAW IS INVALID." Underneath this a modest italic banner read, *"Hitler Rises to Great Heights as Czech Nation Passes."*

THE MORAL FINGER POINTS

In the same paper, among a list of the discharges from the local hospital are found all of the unmarried girls who have been delivered of infants, with the girls' addresses.

I TALK TO A CATHOLIC

"What I don't see is why the church backed up Franco. The way I understand it, Hitler and Mussolini ran that war and we're not going to get anything from them. Everybody is pleased about the new Pope. He'll do something about Hitler. He's very up to date. He's been all over the world."

I TALK TO A PROTESTANT

"You can tell a mick in a minute because they always bring up the school tax. They don't want to pay for the public schools when they have to send their kids to parochial schools."

A PERSONAL LOAN OFFICIAL

"When business is good our business is good. We have less than 2 percent failures in good times but we might as well close up when things get bad. People are conscientious. They won't borrow a nickel unless work is good."

A JUNIOR MERCHANT

The town of Altoona has a God-fearing civic administration which prohibits dancing in beer gardens. So the local young people hold weekend parties in out-of-town spots. At one such place, called the Loop, a number of cottages along a ratty little stream are so employed each weekend. A small boy who lives along this creek has contrived a novel method of earning his commutation to school in town. Each party night he builds a series of dams in the shallow stream. The dams catch floating beer bottles hurled from the cottages; the lad redeems them at 2 cents each.

FOLK HEROES

Two of my small relatives, Shirley, aged three, and Dolores, aged four, ran through my uncle's house. Shirley scooted by yelling, "I'm Gene Autry." Dolores said, "I'm Dick Tracy."

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS

The most advanced example of political instinct in Altoona occurs on a table card from the New Deal Bar & Grille:

I appreciate your business, and it is my desire that you have a CLEAN, orderly, and pleasant environment for your purposes of recreation.

We have dedicated the New Deal Grille to the Common People: the shop man; the truck driver; the garage man; in short, the Workingman and his Friends.

There is a certain class of people in Altoona who would not permit themselves to be seen associating with the common workingman or his friends. We hardly expect you will find *all* of that class in the New Deal Grille. Those you do find are among the world's strongest characters—men and women who are honest with themselves, and realize that they too depend on the workingman for their living.

The Creator must have loved the common people—He made so many of them.

And so, my friends—THIS IS YOUR PLACE. ENJOY yourselves. EAT and DRINK MODERATELY and sanely.

Remember that Prohibition was the greatest mistake that this Great Country ever experienced. There are few people who would like to force this evil upon our Land of Freedom again.

REGISTER so you may VOTE and retain your FREEDOM.

GOP JUSTICE

The state Supreme Court ruled that Democratic Sen. P. J. Henney of Pittsburgh was not entitled to his seat because he was also holding the office of coroner in Allegheny County. Governor James held his Supreme Court judgeship throughout the election campaign, at $18,000 per year. For a period of ten months leading up to the election James failed to sit on the bench but did not miss his salary check.

POWER OF ADVERTISING

The six-month strike of the two newspapers

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in Wilkes-Barre ended with a guild victory. No newspapers had been published in the town for six months but local merchants report no loss in business due to the absence of advertising media.

INVENTION

A local youth has invented a slide rule for use in the composition of music.

SENATOR EROE SEES THE LIGHT

Democratic Senator Eroe arrived in Harrisburg while the Republicans were organizing their bloc. Two seats were being contested so that the Senate stood twenty-five Republicans versus twenty-five Democrats, with Lieutenant Governor Kennedy (D) casting the deciding ballot in a series of tie votes. GOP bosses grabbed Eroe and a hasty conference ensued in the Senate barbershop. Out came Eroe with the following statement: "The Republicans have won the election. I will therefore vote Republican." A barber who was indiscreet in mentioning certain practical considerations involved in Senator Eroe's transformation quickly lost his job.

PLAN

Governor James thinks higher amusement taxes would be fine.

CENSORS

Three new jobs have been created. The governor fired Pennsylvania's reactionary movie censors. He has so far made one replacement: a Philadelphia Republican lady who has no knowledge of the movies.

TURN THE RASCALS OUT

Governor James' first political act was to dismantle Governor Earle's oil heating system in the State House. "We will go back to good old Luzerne County coal," he said.

I TALK TO A PWA WORKER

"There were seventy-nine men in my gang. The Republicans came around and said we ought to have jobs in private industry where we could hold up our heads and not have to take the dole. Three fellows in the gang went over and talked the rest of us into voting Republican because we would all get good jobs when James was elected. James stopped our project and the only ones that got jobs were the three guys who talked the rest of us into it. We were dumb and we deserve the licking. The only thing is, I have a wife and three kids and they got to suffer for my dumbness." JAMES DUGAN.

Nazi Gags

"These wise-cracking stories," said
Goebbels,
"Are causing us serious troebles.
"If they go on refoerring
"To me and to Goering,
"We'll burst like a couple of boebbles."

Spring Styles in War

J. B. S. Haldane reviews some modern modes of dealing death. Gas, panic, and bacteria.

A GREAT many authors have given terrible pictures of future wars, where new types of explosives and gas are used. H. G. Wells has been a rather serious offender in this respect, painting terrible pictures of great cities wiped out in a single air raid, and wide areas poisoned for years on end.

We now know enough about the theory of chemical reactions to say that there is a definite limit to the amount of heat or other sorts of energy which a given weight of matter can yield. And we know that our existing high explosives are quite close to the upper limit. Actually there is no "better" high explosive for military purposes than trinitrotoluene (TNT), which was discovered in 1879.

Of course if it is ever possible to gain complete control of changes in the nuclei of atoms such as cause radioactivity, much more formidable explosives will be possible. But at present we can neither speed these reactions up nor slow them down to the slightest extent, even in the laboratory, let alone in a bomb.

As for new gases, the possibilities are slightly greater, but not very serious, for the following reasons. There are plenty of substances which, per unit weight, are more poisonous than mustard gas; for example diphtheria toxin and the active substances in some snake venoms. But these are all substances with large molecules, much too large to form a gas or vapor. Only small molecules can do this. Now for over a century chemists have been making new organic compounds. And they have already made most of the possible types of small molecules. Mustard gas was discovered in 1886, and nothing worse had been produced by 1918. Lewisite is about as bad, but the Germans tried it and turned it down in favor of mustard gas. So, though it is possible, it is not very likely, that more effective poisonous gases will be invented.

RESPIRATORS

Even if they are, it is fairly certain that they will be stopped pretty completely by the charcoal filter of a respirator. This stops all poisonous gases and vapors except those of low boiling point such as carbon monoxide. As these latter have very small molecules, it is reasonably sure that we can expect no surprises among them. So even if a new gas is produced, it is very unlikely that it will get through our respirators.

The danger from a new type of smoke is more serious. The civilian respirator is much less efficient at stopping smokes than the service types. And even if it is good enough to deal with the smokes at present known (which many people doubt), it might fail against a more penetrating kind of smoke.

Nevertheless such a danger is rather remote. And efforts against it, though they should be made, are a vastly less urgent question than an attempt to combat the very real menace of the high explosive bomb.

Between January 1917 and November 1918 German airplanes dropped seventy-one tons of bombs on England. These killed 837 people and wounded 1,991. On March 16-19, 1938, forty-one tons of bombs were dropped on Barcelona by German and Italian airplanes. They killed about thirteen hundred people. Thus the number killed per ton went up from twelve to thirty-two. However, Barcelona was practically undefended, owing to the "non-intervention" agreement. And it was crowded with refugees. Had it been defended, the aim would have been worse and the casualties somewhat less. On the other hand there were bomb-proof shelters for about one-sixth of the population. We may take twenty deaths per ton as rather a low figure for modern airplanes. Thus five hundred airplanes carrying two tons each could kill about twenty thousand people.

GAS ATTACKS

In Spain high explosive and incendiary bombs have been used together. In a night raid on a town a few large incendiary bombs may be useful, as once a fire is started it acts as a target for later raiders. Two simple principles can be laid down regarding gas attacks.

1. A gas attack will be more effective if it is made after an attack with high explosive bombs than if it is made before or simultaneously, provided the explosions have not started fires. For many windows will be broken, and houses which are not destroyed will be cracked. There will be rescue squads and perhaps panic-stricken people in the street.

2. Gas is not likely to be used with or at once after incendiary bombs. For a big fire makes an ascending current of air which sucks up all the poisonous gas in the neighborhood and drives it into the upper air.

The blast of high explosive bombs would disperse gas, but this would not apply if the gas were dropped even five minutes after the explosive bombs.

It is possible that bacteria and other microbes will be used in some kind of spray or dust. The difficulty is a technical one. It is easy to disperse many solids as smoke. But this needs heat, and cooked bacteria are harmless. Many bacteria are killed even by drying. And once bacteria are on the ground they generally stay there. Possibly pneumonic plague or some other air-borne disease might be started by a dust bomb. Cholera bacilli might be dropped in a reservoir. But they would probably be stopped by filters, and even without this would be likely to die before they reached the houses.

J. B. S. HALDANE.

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Think Deep, Think Fast, America

Earl Browder points out the value of broad collective security for the United States today. The vanishing myth of isolation. What the Communist Party urges in this crisis.

THE whole world is living today under conditions of war and the threat of war. Mass slaughter of a ferocity and destructiveness without parallel already engages nations with a total population of over 500,000,000. Whole nations are disappearing overnight, and being transformed into subject territories and colonies. The very forms of democratic self-government are being wiped out in country after country. A great coalition of military dictatorships has arisen, which openly proclaims its goal of subjugation of the world, and which marches forward to conquer one country after another. The powerful democratic nations, which have the potential power and resources that could halt the warmaking dictatorships, have been retreating and surrendering. They have been acting on the theory of "appeasement," but the results have been exactly opposite to their expectations; the more the wild beasts of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo war alliance are fed with the flesh and blood of additional peoples and territories, the more ferocious and insatiable grow their appetites, and the more dangerous grows their menace to the rest of the world.

THREAT TO AMERICA

The old illusion that the United States stands outside of this world situation, that we can "isolate" ourselves from the general danger, has died a quick and inglorious death. American national security, together with the very existence of American democracy, is threatened so immediately and obviously that no one can any longer be so blind as not to see it.

The danger is obvious. But what is not so clear to the great mass of the people is what to do about it, what policy can unite the great majority of our people to overcome the dangers that beset us. The world is in confusion, old guideposts are being swept away in the rushing stream of catastrophic changes, old policies are revealing their bankruptcy; and into this chaos are being thrown new and wild demagogic appeals and slogans, with the resurrection of ancient ones, all designed to increase the confusion and disunity among the people, to set them fighting one another instead of uniting against the main enemy, the fascist alliance's monstrous military machine of world conquest.

Americans must think deep and think fast if we are to find the path that will lead us through these dangers while preserving the achievements of past progress and keeping the doors open to the future.

The Communist Party is fully awake to these dangers threatening the United States, dangers which we must share as part of the American people, even if as yet only a small part indeed. We believe that we have something to say on these problems which it is important for the whole American people to hear and to ponder over.

NO "MOSCOW PLOT"

Rep. Hamilton Fish recently spoke in Chicago, and made the charge that the Communist Party is trying to entangle America in world affairs as part of a "Moscow plot," designed to trick the United States into fighting the battles of the Soviet Union. The same charge is made by Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese spokesmen, not to mention the lesser stars in the galaxy, Herbert Hoover, Hearst, Trotsky, and Norman Thomas.

Let us examine this question in some detail. It is as good a point of approach as any from which to dig into the heart of the whole international situation from the American viewpoint.

Why is the international situation dangerous? Because there are great military powers aggressively encroaching upon the rights and territories of others, including our own.

Who are these aggressive military powers? Everybody knows they are the governments of Germany, Italy, and Japan.

Is it in the interest of the United States to stand entirely alone in this international situation, or is it to our interest to find as many friends as possible, and as powerful ones as possible? Clearly, the more friends we have, and the more powerful they are, the better will be our situation, the more will the danger be reduced.

Is the Soviet Union a friend or enemy of the United States? Clearly, it is not an enemy, and the United States may choose by its own policy whether it shall remain a very distant friend or whether it shall be drawn into ever closer cooperation.

This is truly the most important single question that the people of the United States must decide in the immediate future. Upon this decision will depend American policy in the general crisis out of which will be decided the fate of the world. And our country, it so happens, is the most powerful single country in the world, equal in economic

Ned Hilton

"Thank God for the Atlantic Ocean."

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strength to all the other capitalist countries combined.

The Communist Party declares boldly and without hesitation that it is in the national interest of our country to enter into the closest possible cooperation with the Soviet Union for the aims common to both countries, the maintenance of peace, the halting of aggression, the preservation of international order. We declare that anyone who opposes this is opposing the most important single measure in protection of American national interests.

What are the arguments made against this policy? Not one of them stands up under analysis. Let us examine them one by one.

First, there is the argument that we can have nothing to do with the Soviet Union because it is a socialist country, and wants the United States to become socialist also. Certainly the Soviet Union is the country of socialism, and its people would be happy to see America and other lands adopt the same system. But the Soviet Union does not, and never will, try to force any people against their will to take up the socialist way of life. The Soviet Union relies for its influence in this direction entirely upon the logic of its example, which by its extraordinary success in multiplying its national income ten times in ten years does give a powerful argument in this direction.

Neither does the Communist Party of the United States propose or desire to force the introduction of socialism, but relies entirely upon democratic persuasion and conviction to win the majority of the people to this idea. But even if the Communist Party, as some people still wrongly think, would try to enforce socialism if it could, the fact of the matter is that it couldn't if it wanted to; it is such an infinitesimal part of the population that the very idea is nonsense. The whole first objection, therefore, falls by the wayside; no matter how much one may be opposed to the socialist system, that is no argument whatever against cooperating with the Soviet Union to maintain peace, halt the aggressors, and establish international order.

SOVIET PROSPERITY

Second, there is the argument that the Soviet Union is not worthwhile as a friend because it is weak internally, it will collapse under the first blows, its army is no good, and so on. This argument flies in the face of every known fact about the Soviet Union. Never in history has there been an example of a government which became weak while it was making its people and country economically prosperous. And the Soviet Union is prosperous beyond the dreams of other lands. Every five years it is doubling its accumulated wealth and national income, which, because the increase is in geometrical ratio, means that its national income today is ten times as much as in 1927 when it had recovered from the war and regained the pre-war level. It has come up from the position of most backward of the great powers, to first place in Europe, and second in the world only to the United States. Last summer, on the suggestion of Hitler, the Japanese tried out the fighting ability of the Red Army, at Changkufeng on the Siberian border, and received such a smashing lesson for their pains that it changed their whole outlook on the world. Hitler is driving in every direction from which he does not expect firm resistance, so it is highly significant that he is carefully keeping away from that dangerous Soviet border.

Third, there is the argument that the Soviet Union cannot be depended upon, that it may at any moment go over to Hitler and double-cross the rest of the world. But when has the Soviet Union ever in its history failed to keep an obligation? It is true that the League of Nations betrayed Ethiopia, but that was only over the most energetic protests of the Soviet Union. It is true that France and Great Britain most foully betrayed Czechoslovakia, but the Soviet Union stood ready at all times to come to her defense when called upon according to treaty—Chamberlain and Daladier were the ones who prevented that call from ever being made. It is true that the Chinese people have been shamefully abandoned by most of the world to the mercies of the Japanese invaders, but the Soviet Union has never ceased to give them moral and material support up to the very limit of possibility. It is true that almost the whole world, including the United States, violated treaty obligations and international law to blockade the Spanish republic when it was invaded by Italians, Germans, and Moors, in order to impose a fascist dictatorship over the Spanish people—but the Soviet Union was the brilliant exception, and never ceased to give the utmost possible moral and material help. It is true that most nations of the world are unable or unwilling to pay their financial obligations—but the Soviet Union has never defaulted on a single obligation, even the smallest. In fact, in every respect, it is the Soviet Union alone among all the great powers of the world that has not in its record a single instance of failure to meet an obligation.

FIFTH COLUMN DESTROYED

And even if that were not true, even if its record were no higher than that of the United States, there still would not be the slightest ground for any suspicion of the Soviet Union going over to the side of Hitler. Such a turnover could only be made by fascism's infamous fifth column—such as seized Madrid for Franco, such as prevents Britain from making a stand, such as threatens to make France fascist—and in the Soviet Union all the fifth-column conspirators have been hunted out and exterminated. No, the one area of the world where the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis has not a single friend left is precisely the Soviet Union. And since that is unchallengeable, this argument falls to the ground.

Let us put the question in the simplest possible terms, such as even a business man can understand. The United States must either come to terms with the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo war alliance, which means abandoning the Pacific and most of Latin America to those powers, not to speak of fascist domination within the United States itself, *or* it must organize resistance to the warmakers. If the United States tries to resist alone, the simple cost of the effort would bring about an economic and political collapse. If the United States takes up cooperation with other nations, she will find that if the Soviet Union is included in the cooperative arrangement it will cost less than half as much as it would without the Soviet Union, not to speak of the danger that any combination of powers without the Soviet Union would not be strong enough to overcome the tendency to split up.

It is already clear even to Neville Chamberlain, the champion of "appeasement," that if he talks about stopping Hitler without the help of the Soviet Union, no one in the world will believe that he means what he says. Nobody takes him seriously, least of all Hitler, except when he is making friendly signals to the Soviet Union—and even then the world has learned to wait and see whether these friendly gestures are to be followed up by

Death Masks

Marx

He chipped
the gilt cornice,
in the long dustbin
of the midcentury
whisked the curly myth.

Facades in rococo
split and crumpled,
the naked houses shrank.

He heard the ghostly hound
snarling for bones;
on the rush mat
the equal serf.

New gentlemen raged:
he smelled moats
in their towns;

He saw their spinners
with swollen bellies;
he said there would be
an end to meekness.

He charted the rude
indices of birth;
in time's bare stone
slit early epitaphs.

The living could see
their distant graves,
the multitude invest the skies.

Death, too,
was dialectic:
he had sired the specter.

DON GORDON.

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any commitments for democratic action.

This is the situation, and these are the issues, that are the center of the most dangerous crisis the world has been in for a very long time, and in which the American people are trying to find their way.

CURRENT CATCHWORDS

It is in this light that we must learn to estimate the significance of some of the current political catchwords. One of these catchwords or slogans that deserves deep examination is the demand that the United States must fight against "dictatorships of both right and left." What is meant, practically, by those who use this catchword is that the United States must refuse to cooperate with the Soviet Union. Its consequence, therefore, for those who adopt it, is to oppose every step by President Roosevelt to align the United States with the peace forces of the world to halt the aggressors. Which means, as a further step, to line up with the open apologists for the warmaking powers in the practical issues of the day. We see this in Congress in the pronouncements of Senator Nye and of Representative Fish, to mention only two examples. We see it outside of Congress in the curious unity of views between Hoover, Norman Thomas, and the Trotskyites and Lovestoneites, who fully agree, whatever other differences they may have, that President Roosevelt's measures against the aggressor governments are the main danger to the peace of America and of the world, a view fully shared by the axis powers.

President Roosevelt has expressed the majority sentiment of the American people, one which embraces an ever growing majority, in his utterances and actions against the aggressors. With this trend of American public opinion and sentiment we of the Communist Party fully associate ourselves. We consider that the President's leadership in this movement has been his greatest single contribution to American and world democracy.

We are not uncritical, however, in our estimate of the President's role. The United States has hesitated, and vacillated, and thereby failed lamentably to exert its full influence in the world. It has missed opportunities, the loss of which has terribly worsened the general situation. It has drawn back before responsibilities, and allowed Chamberlain to lead us by the nose, to the serious detriment of the world and harm to American interests. The most flagrant example of this is in relation to Spain.

RECOGNITION OF FRANCO

Recently the American people were shocked at the information that the State Department in Washington had granted unconditional recognition to the puppet government of butcher Franco in Spain. Thus was completed the cycle of blunders and crimes that began with the shameful embargo against the Spanish republic two years ago, for which history will demand payment from America at a terrible rate of interest.

Of what use to withdraw the American ambassador from Berlin in protest against the murderous attacks against the Jews, if we rush with indecent haste to send an ambassador to Hitler's puppet in Burgos, at a moment when he is slaughtering hundreds of thousands of disarmed and defenseless prisoners, and putting additional hundreds of thousands into penal labor camps?

Of what use to rally the Latin American countries against the fascist penetration, through the Lima conference, when we rush American recognition to the chief instrument of fascist aggression in the Americas—the Franco government, which had just announced its "protectorate" over all Spanish-speaking peoples and especially former parts of the lost Spanish empire, on the model of Hitler's "protectorate" over Czechoslovakia?

Of what use to spend new billions of dollars on naval and military expansion, caused by the fascist threat to the Americas, when we rush America's confirmation of Franco's power over the prostrate Spanish people, and thereby multiply overnight the influence of fascist Spain upon the Latin American countries?

CRIMINAL BLUNDERS

Such things can only be estimated as criminal blunders, as harmful to America as to the world, conceding that the desire and main aim of the President's policy run in the opposite direction. But they represent a victory within our government of persons and forces who represent, not the line of Roosevelt, but that of the Munich "appeasement" policy. When President Roosevelt allowed these forces to take charge, first in the embargo against the Spanish republic and now in the recognition of Franco, he canceled out a large part of his tremendous contribution to the protection of world democracy and international order against the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo war alliance. This bitter truth must be spoken out loud, for if many more such betrayals in the spirit of Munich are perpetrated, the budding hopes of world democracy for a new alignment to stop Hitler and the war axis will be nipped by the sharp frost of disillusionment and despair. President Roosevelt has a position of high moral and political authority before the peoples of America and the world, but if he is to maintain that position and wield it in the interests of international order and peace, he must keep himself clean of complicity in the systematic betrayals that are being organized by the Munich men, he must stop the trafficking and compromising with the axis powers, he must make a clean break with the bankrupt and discredited policy of Chamberlain and Bonnet.

PROTEST MASSACRES

Now, when it is officially announced that the war in Spain is over, it is a terrible sign of the condition of the world that there begins the most horrible mass slaughter, the massacre of hundreds of thousands of disarmed and defenseless men and women, whose only crime is that they fought for their democratically elected government. We must demand from Washington that it wipe out at least a part of the shame of recognizing Franco, by the strongest possible diplomatic protest against the massacres going on in Spain, and by the sending of American ships to transport to Latin American countries those Spaniards marked for death by the butcher Franco.

EARL BROWDER.

Mischa Richter

"Just say 'Russia is collapsing' three times a day. It helps a little."

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Francesco Becomes a Lion

Mario Michele continues the sad story of a Manhattan Italian whose Mussolini-decreed Aryanism unbalanced his reason.

When Mussolini decreed last summer that all Italians were henceforth Aryans, Francesco Martino's Aryanism immediately went to his head and readers will recall that he landed in a psychopathic ward the same day. He did not stay there long. He annoyed the management by attempting to convert all the Napoleons in his ward into Aryans, and occasionally he goosestepped in his sleep, but otherwise he appeared to be a serious, well behaved young man, no crazier than you or I.

The story of his Aryan conversion was printed in the newspapers widely and he received a great deal of fan mail at the hospital. There were several letters from Aryan spinsters offering marriage; about a dozen from publishers, motion picture companies, and circuses offering contracts. There was one letter from the Dies committee cordially inviting him to testify against Communism, and there was one from the Fascist Grand Council of Rome announcing they would erect a statue in his honor if he would agree to pay for it.

The management, who read the letters carefully before they were delivered to Francesco, decided that a young man with so many opportunities to make good in the world could not possibly be insane, and one morning he was asked to leave. Francesco went home to his apartment, happy as an Aryan. Socialist and Communist agitators might go to jail, but Francesco knew that the fascist leaders of tomorrow started their careers by going to insane asylums.

Pained at either the idea of marrying a spinster or writing or acting for audiences that might include non-Aryans, Francesco burned all of his fan mail, except the letters from the Fascist Grand Council and Mr. Dies, which he decided to save as souvenirs. In a moment of Aryan exuberance he burned all of his books too. He went to the library to read up on Aryanism but left as soon as he realized that great fascists burned books or wrote them but never read them.

A few minutes later he took up oratory. He pasted pictures of Mussolini and Hitler in front of him and practiced in front of his mirror. With his jaw stuck out vehemently and his fists smashing a table, he screamed out excerpts from the speeches of his heroes until his knuckles bled and the neighbors complained. He promptly accused them of being Jews and, in a moment of inspiration, threatened to capture all the apartments in the building. The more he thought of this idea the smaller his own apartment suddenly seemed, and the greater his need for expansion became.

He took a trip to the Bronx to consult with Hilda, his blood sister, who belonged to a bund and kept a portrait of Hitler over her bed. Hilda had taken a strong fancy to Francesco ever since the day he became an Aryan, and listened sympathetically to his plan of acquiring all the apartments in his building. She told him that only by forming a Manhattan-Bronx axis with her could he achieve what he wanted. Winking at Francesco provocatively, she pointed out that before the axis could be formed he would need to become better equipped as an Aryan.

Hilda showed him a speech of Mussolini's which contained the following motto: "The Italian must live dangerously. He must live like the lion." She asked him, "Are you living dangerously? Are you living like the lion?" Francesco hung his head and had to say no to both questions. But he made a careful copy of the motto and fervently promised Hilda he would come back to her when he learned to live dangerously and like the lion.

He lost no time. On his way home he crossed the streets on red lights, sneaked into a subway station without paying the fare, and waited until three automobiles almost ran him down before he dodged. Before he went to bed, he wrote out the motto one hundred times and then printed it on a large strip of cardboard which he hung over the bed, underneath a photograph of Mussolini.

Without waiting to eat breakfast the next morning, Francesco made his first attempts at growling. It was evidently a feeble performance for the janitor knocked at the door and told him that salt-water gargles were excellent for a sore throat. Depressed but hardly discouraged, Francesco went to see an MGM motion picture, watched the MGM lion through three performances, and was thrown out by the ushers for standing on his seat and growling at a newsreel showing President Roosevelt. He went out to the city zoo and found the lion cage. All three lions were dozing domestically. Francesco tried to rouse them by barking at them, swearing at them, and making noises like a shotgun. The lions refused to become disturbed and, except for occasionally raising an eyebrow at his antics, went on dozing.

Francesco made a speech. He called them lions of Judea, Asiatics, and sissies. He said there was not a real lion among them who would stand up and fight. He was getting warmed up to his theme when the guards arrived with baskets of raw meat. The lions were at once awake, and greeted the men with polite growls. While they ate the meat Francesco watched them avidly, studying the movements of their jaws and moving his own jaw at the same time. One of the lions became so embarrassed by this that he took his chunk of meat inside the den to eat it in private.

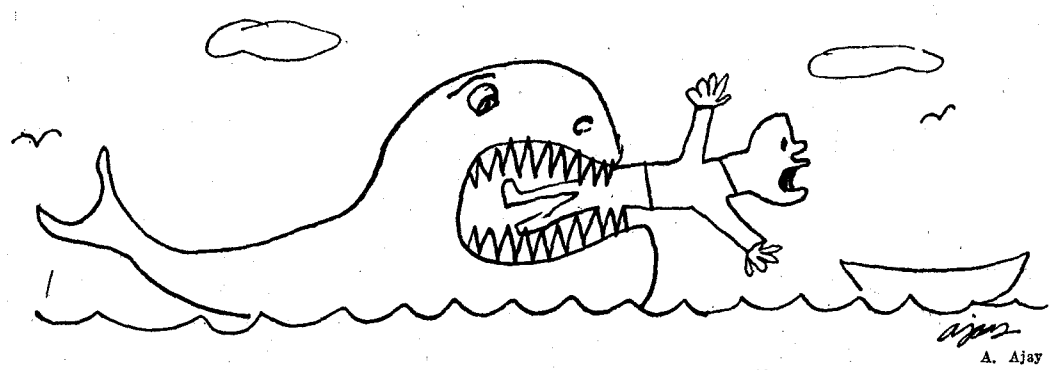
By this time one of the guards had become suspicious of him and asked him to leave. Francesco, thinking that this was a good opportunity to live dangerously, thumped his chest, stuck out his jaw, and announced, "I'm an Aryan. I live like the lion." The guard advanced on Francesco with his stick and Francesco moved fast, like the rabbit.

He did not stop running until he came to a meat market, where he bought a pound of beefsteak. Despite his zoo experience, he knew that once he learned to eat as lions did he would acquire some of the fierceness that real Aryan lions were reputed to have. In the seclusion of his kitchen, squatted on all fours, he began to eat the raw meat. He felt self-conscious at first, and he lost one of his fillings while chewing, but his Aryan self-assurance came to the fore and he soon forgot he had ever used a knife and fork.

The meat increased his natural Aryan exuberance and, in between bites, he roared, lion-like, up the dumbwaiter shaft, hoping to annoy the neighbors. He was on the floor, lapping up the last bits of the beef, when the janitor burst in on him with a bottle of cough syrup. After he had taken one look at Francesco he telephoned for the ASPCA. A few minutes later two men arrived, put a muzzle over Francesco's mouth, and took him away.

In the evening Hilda came to see him and, assuming full responsibility for Francesco, was allowed to take him home with her. That same night the Bronx-Manhattan axis was firmly established.

MARIO MICHELE.



A. Ajay

"Chamberlain says not to worry."

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"Housing Plans" vs. Houses

Like peace, everybody is for housing, but tory tactics prevent the building of low-cost houses under a smokescreen of financial technicalities. Stalling while slums increase.

UNLIKE old dogs, the Old Guard learns new tricks. Having achieved its election successes largely by assuming a "yes—but" acceptance of New Deal objectives, the Republican Party today finds itself on the horns of the demagogue's dilemma. Its problem is how to look progressive and, simultaneously, be reactionary.

New York State has become a testing ground for new GOP techniques. The decisive election victory won by Senator Wagner, personifying the New Deal, demonstrated to the Republicans that the state is still predominantly progressive. At the same time, however, a gerrymandered system of apportionment has enabled a minority of Republican votes to elect a majority of Republican representatives to both houses of the State Legislature. And, with 1940 in view, many Republicans understand the necessity of avoiding reactionary excesses which would alienate progressives.

The more supple intellects have devised a technique of public deception which can be summarized thus:

1. Be the first to introduce legislation on subjects close to the heart of the people. Grab the publicity and the credit.

2. Draft the obscure technical features of legislation so as to get in nullifying exceptions which make the measure of the minimum possible benefit to the people and the maximum possible benefit to "the interests."

3. If you want to introduce reactionary legislation, get somebody else to do it for you. Then introduce slight improving modifications —and grab the credit for them.

Housing was the first issue requiring the application of this technique. At the 1938 elections, the voters of the state overwhelmingly adopted an amendment to the constitution authorizing the state to borrow $300,000,000 for public housing, and to contract for subsidies to make possible low rents by absorbing part of the cost of amortizing the loan. The Republican Party clearly understood that although the amendment was permissive, the vote for the amendment was a mandate to stop talking and start building.

The Republicans were doubly concerned over the situation—not only because of their intimate ties with the real-estate interests of the state, but also because they recognized that New York's housing bill would become a model throughout the country.

Mr. Robert Moses, park commissioner of New York City, with a carefully nurtured Hoover-like reputation as a Great Administrator, was selected to lead the opening phases of the Republican campaign. Although only a year previous he had written a *Saturday Evening Post* article ridiculing public housing, shortly after the Housing Amendment was passed he called together the leaders of the New York housing movement to listen to his plan—"the" plan, he called it—for rehousing New York.

If Mr. Moses did not captivate the housing movement, at least he captured the headlines on housing. Elaborately printed (and mysteriously financed) brochures were distributed to the press and the public. There were blueprints and pictures of proposed projects—the only thing missing was a detail of an entrance arch, with the inscription "Moses Houses."

But what of the plan itself? Mr. Moses counted on the fact that the average voter is not a housing expert—that his vote for the Housing Amendment was merely based on the recognition that private enterprise had proved its inability to provide decent low-rent housing, and that this was a proper matter of public concern.

Even if Mr. Moses can afford to ignore the fundamental principles of effective housing legislation, we must briefly state them, since they illuminate the character of his proposals and the plans now before the Legislature.

The broad objectives are: to undertake a program on a scale adequate to the scope of the slum problem itself, to guarantee that rents should be low enough to make projects available to those most needing them, and to prevent discrimination against prospective tenants on the basis of race, creed, or religion.

At the housing hearings held before the State Assembly March 1, housing experts agreed that these objectives could only be achieved through the following minimum technical essentials.

FIVE ESSENTIALS

1. Since only $300,000,000 may be borrowed in the next three years, the entire amount must be immediately authorized so that plans may be made without reference to future action of the Legislature. (It should be noted that this in itself imposed no additional burden on the taxpayers; the debt is largely self-liquidating.)

2. The state has been authorized to contract for subsidies, to lift part of the burden of amortizing this $300,000,000 loan from the tenants. The full authorized subsidies must be contracted for and financed through taxes based on ability to pay. At the same time, tax exemption by the localities—which is, in essence, a further subsidy—should be granted.

3. The capital base—which determines the necessary rent—must be held to a minimum. Land must be assembled by the most economical method possible. Recreational and educational facilities should not be charged to the project, but financed through increased assessments on neighboring property, which benefits from the proximity of these facilities.

4. Private enterprise may be encouraged to provide better housing—but not at the expense of a public low-rent program serving the neediest. Limited dividend corporations, serving middle-income groups, can be accorded tax exemption on their land, and the right of eminent domain. Landlords who wish to rehabilitate and improve their property should be able to receive loans from agencies such as the RFC—but not from the meager funds available for rehousing the slum dwellers.

5. To meet the immediate housing crisis, rent-control laws are needed to protect those not covered by public or quasi-public projects.

Mr. Moses' plan in every technical detail was drawn to benefit the real-estate interests and nullify and make impossible low-rent housing. It did not specify low rentals—because it was deliberately designed to make low-rent housing impossible.

He began by giving the real-estate interests a million-dollar tip: he *advertised* where he intended to build projects. Speculative prices —which are recognized in condemnation proceedings—might shoot sky-high. but Mr. Moses didn't worry. The tenant's rent would pay the speculator's profits.

Then he proposed that out of the inadequate funds available for housing, 10 percent should be diverted to pay for parks and playgrounds —not only for the publicly owned projects, but also for the privately owned limited-dividend projects. Thus Mr. Moses would reduce the number of tenants by 10 percent—without reducing the capital investment in the projects. This would mean that each tenant would have to carry a larger share of the project's cost in his rent. In the meantime, the neighboring landlords would reap the benefit of parks built with the tenant's money!

And finally, Mr. Moses proposed to finance housing through an additional penny-a-package tax on cigarettes.

Thus Step 2 in the technique of reaction. And now for Step 3.

MOSES THREATENS

When the mayor's Housing Committee assembled to draft a bill, Mr. Moses used his publicity as a blackmailing bludgeon, threatened a split, and succeeded not only in forcing the most objectionable features of his plan into the bill, but also in limiting the appropriation to $120,000,000—a pitifully inadequate sum —instead of the $300,000,000, authorized by the voters. Furthermore, out of this pittance, loans could be made, not only to private limited-dividend corporations, but also to slum landlords for "rehabilitation."

And just as Red-baiting Senator McNaboe

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fronted for the Republicans by introducing the sales tax that the GOP did not care to sponsor under its own name, so this "mayor's committee" bill was the center around which the opponents of public housing rallied—until the Albany hearings. It is to the great credit of Mayor LaGuardia that at those hearings he repudiated the committee's bill by stating that the members of his administration were free to support whatever measure they thought best.

In the meantime the Republican Party itself has been putting forward its own measures—only a little less reactionary than the Moses bill. The Republican plan appropriates only two-thirds of the $300,000,000 authorized, and allows unlimited diversions from this fund to limited-dividend corporations and private landlords.

To the Moses cigarette tax are added sales taxes on cosmetics, amusements, and telephone service. This bill frankly recognizes that it imposes conditions under which low-rent housing is virtually impossible—for the only limit on rents which it sets is $12.50 a room per month in Manhattan and $11 elsewhere.

BALDWIN PROPOSES

And Councilman Baldwin, who recently led the Republican bolt from the progressive bloc in the City Council, went even further. He proposed that only $35,000,000—which is, in effect, the cost of one project—should be appropriated.

The lineup of forces has been clarified by the Albany hearings. The first hope of the reactionaries is to block housing altogether. Representatives of the realty boards, joined by the New York State Economic Council, have attempted to deny that the vote on the amendment was a public demand to start building. With blissful inconsistency, in one breath they have asserted that the state cannot afford to spend any money for public housing, and in the next breath said that it was all right to spend money—but it should be exclusively for loans to the slum landlords for rehabilitation. The fascist Merwin K. Hart of the Economic Council stated bluntly that the only type of housing he would approve of would be along the lines taken by Franco in Seville—where projects were built by unpaid conscript labor. Other realty spokesmen recognized the value of a Trotskyist "left" approach—they insisted that the bills had shortcomings and, therefore, a housing program should be pigeonholed to await further study.

IF THEY FAIL

If this first objective fails—if the public demands for action become too insistent—the Republican hope to nullify the demand through passing a Moses-like bill appropriating an inadequate amount of money and permitting it to be diverted to real-estate speculators, slum landlords, limited-dividend corporations, and used for parks and schools—for anything except low-rent public housing.

This situation demanded a maximum degree of unity, not only on objectives, but also on means, from the forces interested in low-rent public housing—and they rose to the occasion. CIO and AFL speakers took parallel stands. Everywhere there was insistence that the full amount of money should be appropriated—and that it should be appropriated for public low-rent housing only. The Desmond-Moffat bill—which incorporates all the basic principles outlined in this article, with the exception of calling for only a $150,000,000 appropriation—received united support, and there was united insistence that the appropriation must be raised to the full $300,000,000 authorized.

Now that the hearings are over, the fate of New York's housing program depends on the activity of organizations and individuals in maintaining pressure on their legislators. It is necessary to specify not only that the public demands a housing law—but what kind of housing law.

DAVID RICHARDS.

The Much Traveled Howards

FROM the Tokyo newspaper *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* comes the following delightful incident which occurred in the *Osaka Mainichi Shimbun* city room Oct. 28, 1938, during the celebration over the fall of Hankow. Miss Jane Howard is calling her papa, Roy W. Howard, publisher of the Scripps-Howard papers, by overseas phone to his suite in New York's Waldorf-Astoria:

JANE: Hello, Papa. I am now in Osaka. There's a sumptuous celebration going on here. Can you hear the drums and banzais of men, women, and children outside passing in procession?

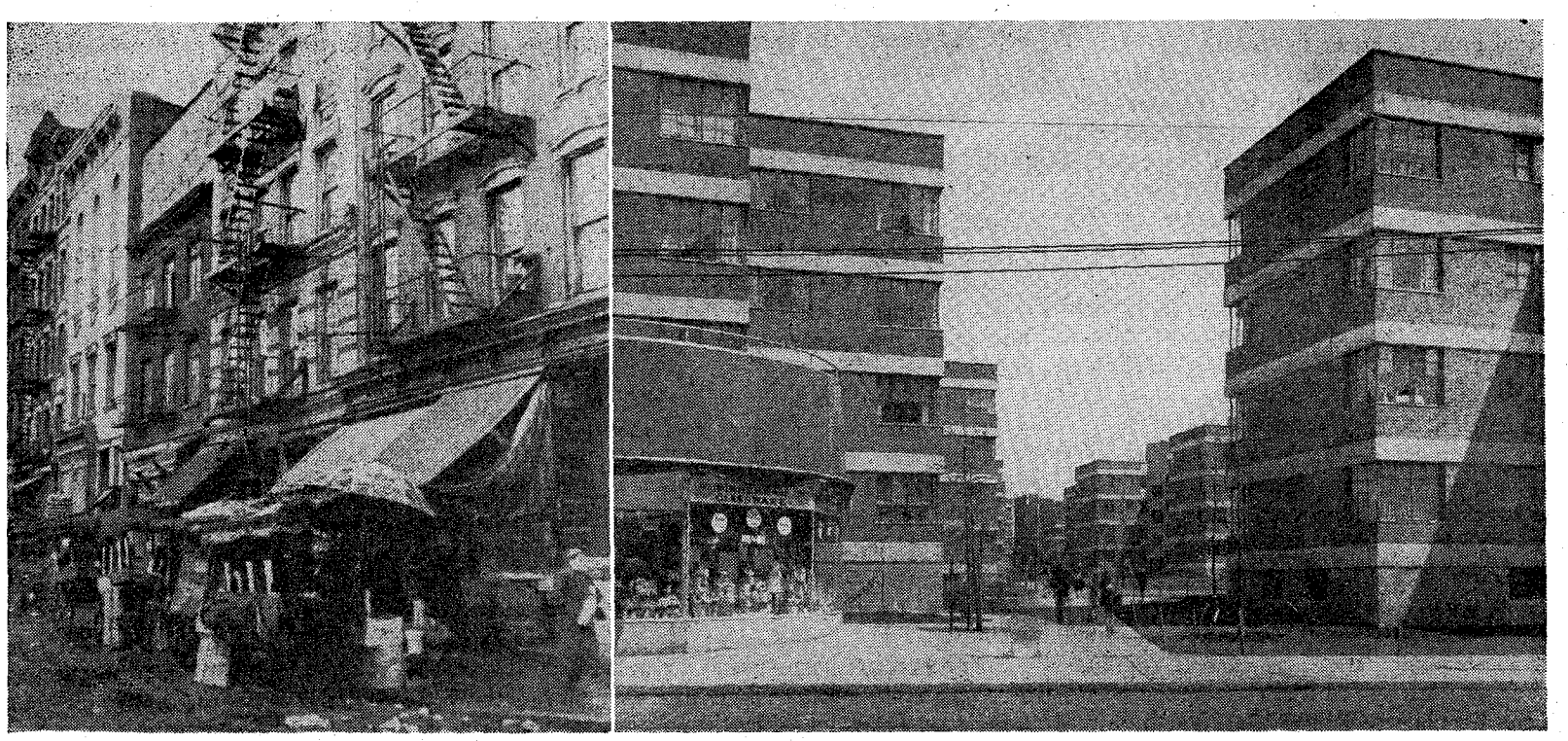
PAPA: Oh, yes. Quite distinctly. Your papa is a newspaperman, too, you know. I ought to know that the Japanese are celebrating in Osaka. Is the celebration big?

JANE: If you were here with me, we could celebrate together.

PAPA: I see that you are all excited. [Mama takes the phone.]

MAMA: Jane? Are you going well, dear? When you go to Manchukuo, be sure to wrap yourself up so you don't catch cold.

It is good to know that the Howards did not neglect the Tokyo end of the axis, as papa has done so handsomely for Rome and Berlin.



TODAY AND TOMORROW. *The slums of New York, which now have spread from the infamous East Side to other sections of the city, are being slowly considered. Modern housing projects like that on the right make but the smallest dent in the enormous problem of giving low-priced shelter to millions. But even before this is possible the reactionary legislators must have their pound of flesh.*

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Mrs. Ogden Reid's Paper

Robert Terrall gives us a portrait of the New York "Herald Tribune," which frankly doesn't like the New Deal. The first of several articles on the big papers.

THE principal possession of the promotion department of the New York *Herald Tribune* is a map on which there is a dot for everybody who has ever written a letter to the editor; and naturally the dots are thickest in the nicest districts of the city. Mrs. Ogden Reid once thought up a phrase for the *Tribune's* circulation—the city without slums. The promotion department now considers that a little crass. It does admit, however, that the *Tribune* is the most widely read paper among the officers and directors of America's 422 largest advertisers. There is nothing in the *Tribune* to annoy America's largest advertisers—Mrs. Reid, the advertising director, sees to that.

Mrs. Reid uses a lorgnette, and though she is perfectly amiable when she gets her own way, when she is aroused her employees would back her against a basilisk. She wears pearls during the day and usually diamonds at night. Last August a small blue hat blew off her head on board a yacht in New York Harbor, and with the hat blew a $2,000 diamond brooch. After the opera she brings friends in to look at the plant and watch the linotypers. She knows some of the linotypers' first names.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid possess roughly $30,000,000 worth of stocks and bonds, which gives Mrs. Reid a head start on other advertising directors in the city. The moment a company in which she is a stockholder is reckless enough to advertise in the *Times* and not the *Tribune,* she is down on the board of directors like a ton of bricks. There is the same kind of competition between the *Tribune* and the *Times* as there is between Harvard and Yale. The *Tribune* employs one statistician who does nothing but find out which has had the most exclusive stories. Mrs. Reid used to conduct weekly pep meetings for her salesmen. The reporters never found out exactly what took place at them, for no one who had been through the experience was very eager to talk about it. Evidently the salesmen sang songs and Mrs. Reid did everything but lead them in cheers. If a salesman had landed an exclusive account Mrs. Reid pinned an apple, labeled with the salesman's name, on a large painted apple tree. But if the *Times* had an exclusive account, the salesman put on a dunce cap.

THE 422 LARGEST

As a result of Mrs. Reid's activities, the *Tribune* is as subservient to advertisers as any paper in the country. Any advertiser who wants an apology gets it, though most of the time the paper does nothing to require an apology. Two years ago, just when Mrs. Reid was getting together an elaborate travel supplement, the editorial page carried a stinging attack on Mussolini's treatment of the Ethiopians. The Italian consul immediately withdrew $4,000 worth of ads. A few days later, the *Rex,* crossing the Atlantic, ran into a bad storm which killed two passengers and injured seventy-four. The *Times* considered that a big enough story for the righthand column on the front page. The *Tribune* didn't mention it at all in the first edition, then put it back with the marine news. A few days later the Italian consul restored the ads.

That $4,000 was only chicken feed to Mrs. Reid. She likes to say that the *Tribune* isn't run primarily as a profit-making enterprise; still, it is always nice to know you are making good. In spite of heavy yearly payments to the Metropolitan Museum for the *Herald,* Mrs. Reid is probably making good. The city price of the *Tribune* went up from 2 to 3 cents last year and circulation stayed about the same. But ordinary accounting methods can't be applied to a family newspaper. When the *Tribune's* employees were taking their second salary cut of the depression, Mr. Reid, with a flourish, cut his own salary from $100,000 to nothing. Ordinary editors can't afford a salary cut of 100 percent.

BIG-HEARTED OGGIE

Everybody likes Mr. Reid. Late in the evening reporters call him Oggie. He is kind, at times absolutely winning. But it would probably never have occurred to him to join the staff of the *Tribune* if his father hadn't owned it. The *Tribune* executives, from Mrs. Reid down, spend much of their time keeping Mr. Reid from having ideas about how to run the paper. On editorial policy he takes the advice of experts like Thomas W. Lamont. A couple of years ago when Whitelaw, the Reids' oldest boy, came into the family enterprise, Mr. Reid asserted himself briefly. He fired F.P.A., always a favorite of Mrs. Reid, and pushed through a completely new type face. But one member of the sports staff, using a professional metaphor, remarked that he was betting on the filly.

Even now Mr. Reid occasionally writes an editorial himself. It used to be understood that he wrote the annual editorial against independence for the Philippines. On most things his heart is in the right place. He never wanted the Reds to win in Spain, but damn it, he didn't want the Italians to win either. On domestic affairs he is a stern, unswerving party man. When Hoover was President he was referred to in *Tribune* headlines as Mr. Hoover. Mr. Reid listens to Roosevelt on the radio, but one speech last year made him so sore that he ordered it off the front page. For a couple of hours everybody argued with him: of course Roosevelt was terrible, people shouldn't have to read his speeches at the breakfast table, but on the other hand he was President, you couldn't pretend he wasn't. Mr. Reid gave in finally. The process of getting out the paper involves some more or less preposterous variation of this episode almost every night. Life in the *Tribune* building is simple only the one month a year when Mr. Reid is on vacation, especially because a man named Wilbur Forrest goes on vacation that month too.

THE PUBLISHER'S BODYGUARD

In negotiations with the Newspaper Guild Wilbur Forrest likes to reminisce about the time he covered the Easter Rebellion in Ireland and didn't sleep for seventy-two hours straight; but of course reporters were different in those days. By 1931 he had worked himself up to the position of Ogden Reid's executive assistant. Mr. Reid was in the habit of stopping fairly frequently into Bleeck's, otherwise known as Artists' and Writers', a bar on West Fortieth Street next to the *Tribune* building. When Bleeck's was a speakeasy, Mrs. Reid tried to get J. Edgar Hoover to raid it so Mr. Reid would get home a little earlier. Every paper has to have a certain number of people between its publisher and its working newspapermen to mess up the work of the newspapermen, but critics of Mr. Forrest insisted that his resounding title simply required him to accompany Mr. Reid to Bleeck's and see that he didn't go to sleep. Between times, of course, he needed something to do. He is exceedingly ambitious. In spite of his long newspaper experience, his judgment on news is somewhat imperfect. When the Hines jury was out, the night desk was planning the makeover of the front page to take care of the verdict; Mr. Forrest thought a one-column head in the center was enough—people were tired of reading about Hines. On the basis of a trip he once took to Manchuria, he said that the fighting at the Marco Polo Bridge in Peking would all be forgotten in forty-eight hours. He arranged the Merwin K. Hart series on Spain less because he thought the loyalists were villains than because Mr. Hart was the kind of important person he liked to go around with.

BLEECK'S AND THE GUILD

Because most of the *Tribune* employees are Yale and Harvard graduates, because they all drink in Bleeck's, there is a kind of democratic atmosphere in the city room. Wilbur Forrest stops to chat with copy boys. In an interview in *Editor and Publisher* a few weeks ago, he said expansively, "Anyone can walk in to see Mr. Reid, Mr. Wilcox, or myself any time." (As someone who signed himself

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"Father of Twelve" wrote in to the Newspaper Guild shop paper directly afterward, "The point is, can he walk out again with a raise?") In dealing with the guild the *Tribune* is the envy of the American Newspaper Publishers Association—it has avoided the indignity of a contract, but it hasn't had any trouble with the Labor Board. So many of the early guild chairmen were promoted to be foreign correspondents that for a time the recruiting slogan was "Join the guild and see the world." Negotiations have been going on irregularly for five years. As a result, the *Tribune* works a five-day week; severance pay agreements have been posted. A couple of months ago the personnel department had an idea for a Rod and Gun Club, to bring management and men closer together in a mutual admiration for the outdoors. So far it has had a banquet at the Hotel Pennsylvania, at which Wilbur Forrest was elected chairman, and last week it went on an outing for flounders. It is a little too fancy for the city room. When an appeal for members was put up on the bulletin board, the first two reporters who signed were Izaak Walton and Rip van Winkle.

The *Tribune's* labor news is surprisingly extensive, considering the fact that its circulation doesn't include many union members—or at least ought not to. Just now it is running a series on the Wagner act by Edward Fenton, described as "the man who organized the Wine, Wine Rectifiers and Assistants Union of New Jersey and was its first president." The first article was headed "Edward Fenton Finds Sentiment Against Wagner Act in Unions; Organizer Says Rank and File of Labor Revolts Against Policy That Denies Business Break." It took only a little investigation by the *Guild Reporter* to find that the "Wine, Wine Rectifiers and Assistants Union" was an extremely short-lived company union organized by Mr. Fenton to oblige a relative.

Any information about the New York Guild which appears in City News Association copy is taken from the reporter doing the labor and relief run and turned over to the managing editor. Last December 8 the *Tribune* ran a little story from Washington about a Labor Board election on the *Journal-American*. On December 30, when the *Times* announced that the guild had won the election (which the board had announced ten days before), the *Tribune* didn't mention it. News is often crowded out of a paper in makeup. On December 28, when the Labor Board issued a complaint against the *Times*, the *Times* itself carried a paragraph, but it was crowded out of the *Tribune* by news of a fire in the plant of the *Adirondack Arrow*, a weekly paper published in Old Forge, N. Y.

WITHOUT EDITORIALIZING

One of the pleasant bits of *Tribune* mythology is that Geoffrey Parsons, the head editorial writer, never talks to Grafton Wilcox, the managing editor. That way the editorial columns can't influence the handling of news. Actually, except for a certain humility before even the idea of Thomas E. Dewey, the *Tribune's* local news is played fairly straight. New York politics are not cleanly divided between progress and the Garner type of single-minded reaction—between Mayor LaGuardia and Tammany, the *Tribune* couldn't pick Tammany. Charlie McLendon, the fat, rude city editor, is a little too much like actors in Class B movies ("get that story, get that story"), but Everett Kallgren, the night editor, picks up the loose ends. It is mostly on account of Kallgren that the *Tribune* is the best written paper in New York.

The *Tribune's* most persistent editorial writers work in the Washington Bureau, but their front-page editorials, for form's sake, start off with "A report circulated tonight . . .", "A rising tide of demands will confront . . .", "The capitol heard . . ." Washington stories in the *Tribune* are as phony as stories from Riga. There is no rumor or insinuation too outrageous. Defeats for the New Deal get 30-point type, victories for the New Deal are dismissed sourly on an inside page. Lately the *Tribune* has been somewhat embarrassed to find itself almost agreeing with Roosevelt on foreign policy. But ordinarily *Tribune* readers have only the ghost of an idea what is going on in Washington. For one three-week period in February the only thing which happened, so far as they knew, was that Roosevelt had appointed Thomas Amlie to the ICC. That there is any news at all still appearing in the *Tribune* is due to Grafton Wilcox. He has to fight for a decent-appearing front page and the news staff trusts him. Ira Crist, the telegraph editor who handles Washington copy, is calm and easy-going and apparently has no notion of the small amount of news the *Tribune* is getting for its money. But evidently the Reids feel that Al Warner, the bureau head, has discredited the paper more than was absolutely necessary, and Joe Driscoll, home from London, has taken over in Washington.

Not much can be said about the *Tribune* columnists except that the *Tribune* was liberal

The *Tribune* Adheres Briefly to the Axis

THE Peninsular News Service is a nervous little organization with offices on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue in New York. It employs a half-dozen dark, good-looking girls, a grim Spanish office boy, and several slightly excitable men. Their boss, Miguel Echegary, sits in a big corner office under a gaudy, life-size portrait of Francisco Franco. Peninsular News conducts a weekly radio program over WHBI in Newark, puts out a magazine called *Spain*, lobbies against certain neutrality legislation, and supplies some fifty newspapers with nightly dispatches datelined Burgos. "We are registered," says Mr. Echegary, rolling from side to side behind his big mahogany desk. He can't pronounce the word registered. "We are official, we have no secret. Everybody knows what we do—we expose lies. We are not perfect, no one is in this imperfect world. But the newspapers tell lies; excuse me, I am frank, I am a Spaniard, I can use no other word—lies." Just after Casado took over in Madrid, Peninsular News moved downstairs into bigger offices, with more room for its tall uncomfortable chairs and its somewhat dusty tapestries.

The Peninsular News dispatch, in the ordinary course of things, goes to smalltown papers too poor for Associated Press or United Press. Its news is always a day late, which has led some people to suspect that it isn't sent by cable at all, but simply cooked up in Mr. Echegary's office. It includes certain exclusive stories about the slaughter of nuns and the burning of churches, which for some reason have been overlooked by the wire services. The night copydesk of the *Tribune*, which subscribes to the wire services and has a foreign staff of its own, was astounded last January to get an angry story about the Spanish loyalists (Reds), headed "The Peninsular News Service made public last night the following information," and marked "MUST—W. F.," meaning that it was to run as written. The initials stood for Wilbur Forrest, the *Tribune's* assistant editor.

The story about Mr. Forrest's connection with Peninsular News came out gradually. Mr. Echegary had taken him to lunch a few days before with a really dazzling Spanish countess, who had escaped from Spain with the hot breath of the Bolsheviks on the back of her lovely neck. No one at the *Tribune* actually saw the countess, but from the look on Mr. Forrest's face when he came back from lunch, she must have been a honey. The countess and Mr. Echegary asked Mr. Forrest why the *Tribune*, which could be such a force for truth, wasn't; and before the lunch was over they had persuaded him to give Peninsular a try. Just for a couple of weeks. Wouldn't cost the paper a cent.

Perhaps Mr. Forrest hoped to get a *Tribune* correspondent admitted to Franco Spain. Except for brief periods the *Tribune* had never had a Spanish correspondent. Mr. Forrest had lined up articles from a number of dispassionate observers like Merwin K. Hart, the intensely pro-Franco president of the New York State Economic Council, and Robert Davis, a dark horse from the history department of Middlebury College in Vermont, whose dispassionate series called "Inside New Spain" has just ended. In a recent article on "Franco the Man," Robert Davis said frankly, "The sheep have found their shepherd." He is now engaged in writing up Germany, how it has found peace under Adolf Hitler. Unfortunately, Franco was not impressed with Mr. Forrest's friendly gesture, which he probably regarded as only natural. After three or four weeks Grafton Wilcox, the *Tribune's* managing editor, put the kibosh on Peninsular News when Mr. Forrest wasn't looking. Since then Walter Kerr of the Paris Bureau has wangled a permit for Spain, but he can't get in till the present massacre is over.

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itself when it was young (it once had Karl Marx as a special correspondent). Dorothy Thompson is marvelous about German fascism, but she uses her extensive knowledge of Hitler to denounce Roosevelt as a dictator. Mark Sullivan and Thornton W. Burgess are the *Tribune's* sole concessions to the child mind. Walter Lippmann is certainly a smooth customer, but nobody takes the trouble to denounce him any more. Lucius Beebe, the fantastic character who writes a night-club column once a week, is the paper's only really specific anti-Semite. He never buys his slave bracelets in a shop which isn't picketed. George E. Sokolsky is only in the paper Monday, so he does odd jobs for the National Association of Manufacturers and the Iron and Steel Institute to support himself. Some people say that the NAM was responsible for his association with the *Tribune* in the first place; at any rate, Wilbur Forrest displayed no chagrin when the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee indicated that Sokolsky's other income was a little too high for a man to feel entirely disinterested in the various aspects of the status quo. Forrest was admiring, if anything. Sokolsky had been doing all right for himself.

The *Tribune's* foreign correspondents don't write books about how exciting it is to be a foreign correspondent, but the twenty-five or thirty columns of foreign news the *Tribune* prints on big nights are as good as any in America, clear, well edited, rarely contradicted the next day. When the wire services and the *Tribune* correspondent disagree, the cable editor, John Price, believes the correspondent. Unfortunately, the Associated Press has foreign correspondents too, and in the last few years Mrs. Reid has been economizing. (Last year she conducted a spirited campaign to get Lewis Gannett, the daily book reviewer, to turn out the lights when he went home.) Badly needed string correspondents have been fired. Only a few weeks ago the Moscow Bureau was closed down entirely. Laurence Hills, the slow coach who happens to be editor of the pro-fascist *Paris Herald,* was elevated over one of the paper's best correspondents, John Elliott. All Continental news goes through to Paris to be telephoned to New York. Jack Alexander, who is doing a Profile of Mrs. Reid for the *New Yorker,* showed her a copy of an editorial Hills once wrote advocating fascism for America. Mrs. Reid said she was flabbergasted. (But Hills hasn't been fired.) All Mrs. Reid is interested in is whether or not Hills makes money, and if he makes money by getting travel advertising from fascist countries in return for nice editorials, that is his business.

It is not the news in a paper which proves that it is being read by people with substantial incomes to spend on advertised products, but the features. The *Tribune,* despite its breakfast table circulation, was the first New York paper to print such words as syphilis and gonorrhea, and the annual *Herald Tribune* Forum is an exceedingly liberal institution. (Last year it got 500,000 lines of publicity for its liberalism.) The forum grew out of the Women's Conference on Current Problems, and the *Tribune* is still a women's club paper. It will print any account of the activities of Republican women, surely the least active, least interesting women in the world. Lately someone in the *Tribune* front office has got Buchmanism. Mrs. Reid marks "must" any stories about Barnard (which she went to), Yale (which Mr. Reid went to), Bishop Manning (she comes of a family of churchmen), and the Knickerbocker Greys (of which Ogden, Jr., is a member). Her other son, Whitelaw, a few months ago decided to rename all the headlines. He printed up a booklet with all the new names in it and gave a copy to the head of the day copydesk, who started sending heads down to the composing room under the new names. The composing room sent them back, asking what the hell. Last month a Paris syndicate, after trying for five years to get some American publisher to carry a series of articles by famous Europeans, got hold of Whitey (he likes to be called Whitey), who got hold of Mrs. Reid, and now readers of the *Tribune* can see, three times a week, what men like Virginio Gayda and Winston Churchill think about the European situation.

The *Tribune* is as completely class-conscious as the *Sun* or the *Daily Worker.* It indulges in no irregularities like the *Daily News'* anti-Semitism. When it will be to the interest of the Reid stocks and bonds to be anti-Semitic, the *Tribune* will be anti-Semitic. Just now it does the upper class in the United States no harm to be against Hitler, so long as nothing much is said about General Moseley, Father Coughlin, and Martin Dies.

ROBERT TERRALL.

L. I. Lighting Co. Spends 2 Million in Rate Fight

5-Year Struggle of 'Little' Utility to Resist Consumers' Demands Shows What P. S. C. Faces in Combat With Power Giants

Long Island Lighting Head Had Own Engineering Firm Do Work

E. L. Phillips & Co. Got Utility's Construction Contracts on Cost Plus 5 Per Cent Fee Basis Until Inquiry by State Revealed System

Reproduction Cost of Light Plant Complicates P. S. C. Rate Problem

Questioning of Long Island Lighting Company's Expert Produces Controversy Arising From What Fair Return Properties Should Earn

Two Associates Uphold Phillips On Long Island Lighting Policy

Four Original Investors Insisted He Do Engineering, Says Olmsted, One of Group; Williams Likens Him to Sloan and Gary

THE "TRIBUNE" STRAYS FROM RECTITUDE. *Wilbur Forrest had always been burned up about the size of his electric light bill, so in 1935 he assigned one of his best men, Hickman Powell, to paste the daylights out of the Long Island Lighting Co. On January 14 the first of a series of six articles appeared on the front page: "Long Island Lighting Spends Two Million in Rate Fight." The next day there was a description of how the president of the company, Ellis L. Phillips, had piled up a big fortune in dubious financial transactions. Long Island Lighting called up Mrs. Ogden Reid and asked her what had got into her paper, printing radical articles like that. The third article wasn't very sensational. It didn't even seem to be one of a series. On the fourth day an insignificant Long Island Lighting stockholder named Williams, in an interview at the Union Club, compared Mr. Phillips to Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and the late Judge Elbert Gary. The last three articles were not printed. Several months later the New York "Post," then a little more vigorous than it is now, finished the series.*

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The Defense of the Wagner Act

The NAM's big guns go into action. The AFL "fifth column" is exposed. The friends of labor rally about their magna charta.

Washington.

THERE have been a lot of worried comings and goings about the office of Sen. David I. Walsh in the past few weeks —consultations, phone calls, and some anxious reconsideration of the senator's proposed amendments to the National Labor Relations Act. For the plans to amend the Wagner act are running into rough weather.

Last week, as supporters of the act loosed two mighty salvos in its defense, AFL counsel Joseph Padway scurried up Pennsylvania Avenue to Capitol Hill and closeted himself with the Massachusetts lawmaker. After a brief interlude, Walsh announced an amendment to his amendments to the Wagner act. Affecting one of the key AFL proposals—compulsory organization by craft wherever crafts may be found to exist, as opposed to industrial organization—the new revision marks a significant clambering down from the federation's former adamant position. For in place of compulsory craft organization, the new proviso would merely write into law the Labor Board's present "Globe doctrine," whereby, when craft lines are not distinct, employees can specify by election whether they prefer to be designated as craft or industrial units.

THE AFL IS WORRIED

Compulsory craft unionism has long been one of the AFL's loudest demands. This sudden pulling in of the horns reflects the many things that have been happening in recent days, none of which has contributed to the AFL Executive Council's peace of mind.

Last week's two salvos, by Senator Wagner and the Labor Board itself, were devastating. In a four-volume, 360-page report based on its three and a half years' experience, the board for the first time expressed itself on the act, the proposed amendments to it, and on the criticism that has fallen like hail since the board was established.

The report's statistical reply on the board's allegedly discriminatory treatment of the AFL leaves the bulk of the AFL's proposed amendments with but little leg to stand on. A summation of all the cases brought before the board through Dec. 31, 1938, reveals that 92.1 percent of all AFL cases were adjusted without formal proceedings, while 91.9 percent of the CIO cases were similarly settled; that, of the total number of unfair labor-practice appeals, 40.5 percent of the AFL cases were found to be without merit, as compared with 41.5 percent of the CIO's, and that in petitions for representation, 84 percent of the AFL's appeals have been satisfactorily settled without formal action of the board, as compared with 84.7 percent of the CIO's. Its records, the board asserted, reveal that "taken as a whole, cases filed by AFL unions and cases filed by CIO unions have received identical treatment by the board and its staff." Dealing briefly with the then proposed craft-unit amendment, the board pointed out that where AFL units have requested craft designation in one hundred cases, they have requested industrial designation in 210 instances.

NO AMENDMENT REQUIRED

In a blanket review of all the currently proposed amendments, the report asserts that "the board is not persuaded by its experience or by any arguments that have come to its attention that the act requires amendment at the present time." Four administrative amendments are found not entirely objectionable, but the bulk of them, including most of Walsh's and Senator Burke's, the board raps sharply.

Earlier in the week, Sen. Robert Wagner, father of the act, appeared as the Senate Labor Committee's first witness. Briefly reviewing the record of the board, he observed that in 1938, the first full year of operation of the act subsequent to its substantiation by the Supreme Court, there were only half as many strikes throughout the country as in the preceding year, with one-third as many workers involved and one-third as much working time lost. With the inauguration of the board, strikes decreased to the 1931-32 level, while the number of cases filed with the board has averaged three and a half times the number of strikes.

These blows to the factual bases of their amendments have been supplemented by other events tending to make the AFL top leadership sleep uneasily at night. For one thing, the rank-and-file reaction has been growing increasingly tumultuous in its denunciation of the leadership's actions, and many of the AFL's largest unions are preparing formidable treatises for presentation to the Senate Labor Committee in opposition to the changes.

For another and even more disturbing thing, John L. Lewis is known to have advised the AFL boys during their peace conferences in New York last month that unless they toned down their clamor against the Wagner act he would reveal some pretty concrete connections between the Executive Council and the National Association of Manufacturers. The council has been a little worried, wondering how much John L. knows.

Meanwhile, where the AFL has been weakening, the reactionaries inside and outside of Congress are taking up the hue and cry with full vigor. In the House, Arthur Anderson of Missouri, author of a bill to repeal the act in entirety, has sought for some time to get Labor Committee action on his measure. The committee, however, has insisted upon observing the traditional form of permitting hearings to be concluded in the Senate first. Anderson sought to discharge the Labor Committee from further consideration of his bill by securing a discharge petition from the House. He laid his petition on the speaker's desk, and in two months' time secured approximately ten of the necessary 218 signatures. Whereupon he submitted a resolution to the tory-dominated House Rules Committee demanding an immediate investigation of the NLRB, either by the House Labor Committee or by a special committee of the House. With the adroit aid of Eugene Cox of Georgia, the Southern gentleman who slapped the face of a Workers Alliance delegate who asked for increased WPA funds, sufficient pressure has been brought to bear to force the House Committee to order hearings immediately after its present hearings on wages-and-hours amendments.

AFL STRATEGY

There is some talk to the effect that the AFL is also anxious to get the House Labor Committee hearings under way, for the Executive Council has in the House an amendment that it does not have in the Senate—a proposal to change the personnel of the Labor Board, and increase its membership to five. That amendment is understood to be a potential face-saving measure to be used as a last resort should too great opposition develop to the rest of the proposed changes. With House hearings under way, the council could, in the face of too great fire, agree that perhaps their amendments would not be entirely necessary should the present laws be more impartially administered. Thus, should that need arise, the top-hats of the AFL hope to be able to pull out from under at the last moment by shifting their attack from the law to the administrators.

Outside the somber halls of Congress, the NAM and the chambers of commerce are busily making up for the AFL's lack of enthusiasm over the proposed amendments. It was a well organized letter-and-telegram campaign on the part of "America's Better Business Men" that forced the present hearings on the amendments in the Senate despite the administration's desire to postpone them until after the AFL-CIO unity talks had reached some definite conclusion. The United States Chamber of Commerce is continuing to conduct an intensive lobbying campaign, while the NAM is issuing bulletin after bulletin and pamphlet after pamphlet attacking the board and the act. Much of their propaganda, incidentally, is mailed out free of charge under the senatorial frank of Edward R. Burke.

PAUL G. MCMANUS.

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Forsythe

Garner of Uvalde

WHEN *Life* was still a humorous magazine, it used to run a series of cartoons under the general heading "Paris (or Rome, London, etc.). As Seen by One Who Has Never Been There." It seems to me that much of the writing about John Nance Garner as a Presidential possibility arises out of this same sort of thing. A very nice picture of Old John has been built up by people who think of him as an old philosopher and a sensible, old-fashioned American. Since he goes to bed every night at nine o'clock and will not answer the phone after that time, they seem to feel that Mr. Garner is therefore eminently fitted to be our next President.

It is when I get to thinking about Uvalde, Tex., however, that I begin to wonder. Perhaps my idea of it is all wrong and most certainly my view of it can only be that of one who has never seen it, but Uvalde can't differ too greatly from other Texas towns. When it becomes further apparent that Mr. Garner, operating from that tiny base, has accumulated an estate of approximately $1,500,000, one is forced to look into Old John's background with some attention. It is not that he is to be censored for making good in a small town but that a man who makes a fortune in a community of that size inevitably adopts a way of thinking which may or may not be valuable for a nation in a time of crisis.

Whether we are ready for another Coolidge is questionable. The kindly critics who defended the Vermont mute on the ground that America needed his policy of inactivity have ceased to hold him aloft as a perfect example of a President. It can be seen now that it was that very policy of do-nothing which paved the way for many of the evils that now beset us. For Calvin, it was fine; but after him the deluge. Much the same sort of thing can now be said about Stanley Baldwin of England, who surrendered his post as prime minister at the top of his glory, being lauded on all hands as a man who had given England peace. It is only now that one realizes the ineptitude of the Baldwin policies and what they have done in preparing Great Britain for disaster. Just as Coolidge felt that the best way of solving a problem was to ignore it, Baldwin and his ineffable associate, Sir John Simon, opened the gates to everything that has subsequently harassed England by assisting Japan when she began the destruction of collective security with the conquest of Manchuria. It kept Baldwin and Sir John from wracking their heads at the time but it cannot be regarded as a great diplomatic triumph.

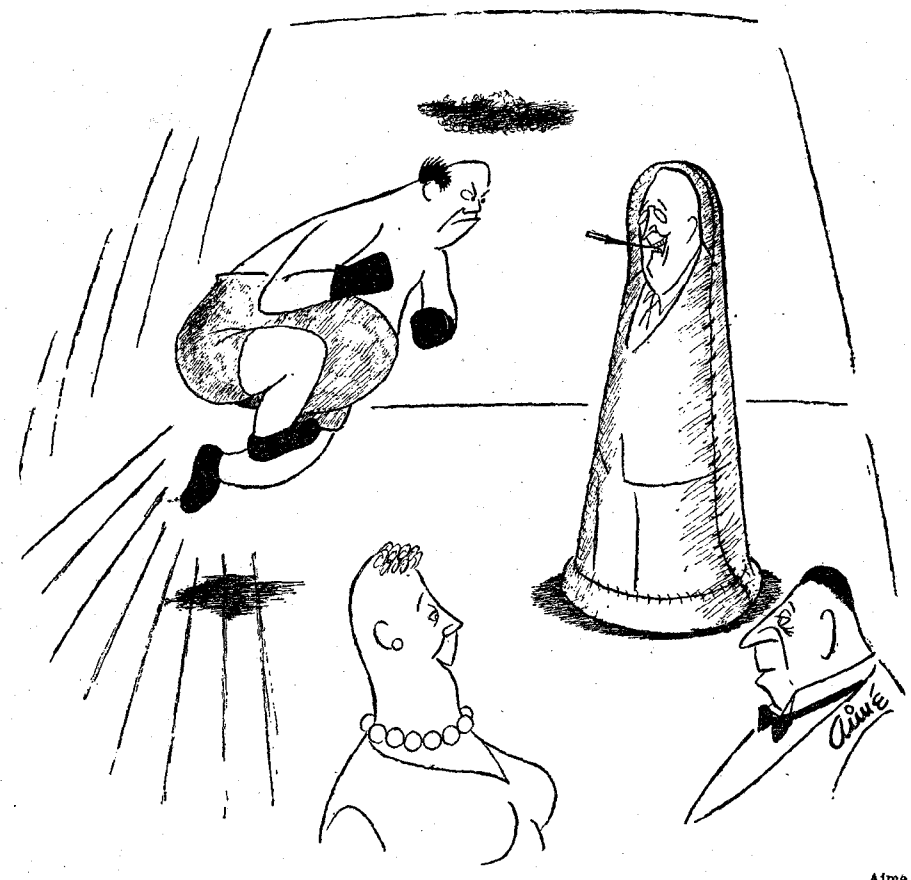
Most of the hopeful people who seek to destroy Roosevelt by building up Old John have in the back of their heads the notion that he will be the shot of novocaine this country needs for the next four years. Nothing will be done; everything that has been done will be undone; and we will sleep with our heads carefully tucked under the covers lest we hear noises from the rest of the world.

Unless one knows the psychology of the smalltown moneyed man, it is useless to talk about John Garner. From everything he has done in Washington, the conviction becomes clear that not only has he transferred his Uvalde sentiments to Capitol Hill but that he feels Uvalde is America. His one great achievement in Congress was as a tax expert and one knows without being told that the sight of red ink on a ledger is something like a curse word in church to him. The fact that the red ink might be needed to keep people from starving will have no effect on Old John. He will not be so stupid as to advocate the end of relief but he will make out a heartfelt case to the effect that it should be turned back to the states and communities, where the unfortunates will be under the guidance of their own people who love them and understand their needs. This will have an effect upon all taxpayers and will terrify the unfortunates, who have known that local understanding in the past.

In truth there is nothing more distressing to contemplate than the possibility that this Texas hillbilly may be our next President. It can be granted that he is a salty old fellow, a good poker player, an astute politician. But it is also true that his mentality is that of a yokel, which is not to say that all men and women from the farm belt are yokels. One need only compare Sen. George Norris with Vice-President Garner to note the difference. But Garner is a smalltown politician with the thought processes of a smalltown note shaver. His fortune has been made as a money lender, a banker who puts his funds out on mortgage. That by itself is not a crime but anybody who has lived in the Southwest and particularly in the smaller towns of that region knows what goes on in the head of the great man.

Sir Edward Grey, who was a victim of English tradition, once refused to give up his weekend holiday (Friday night till Tuesday) during the evil days of July 1914. While his associates were desperately trying to locate him, he was quietly communing with his birds. Naturally, that instance alone did not bring Europe to war but it is interesting as an example of the type of mind then governing British foreign policy. Now, in America, we are being asked to turn our policy over to a man who goes to bed every night at nine and will not be disturbed thereafter. He might wake up some morning to find that Uvalde and the world had disappeared.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.



"Stalin's painted on the other side."

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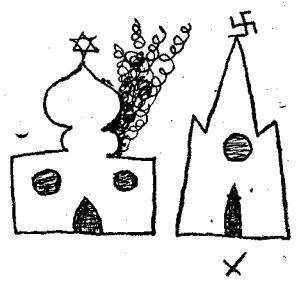
"I am beginning to understand why I have been dubbed a 'Nazi' or a 'fascist' by the Jewish publications in America; for practically all the principles of 'Social Justice' are being put into practice in Italy and in Germany."

—FATHER COUGHLIN.

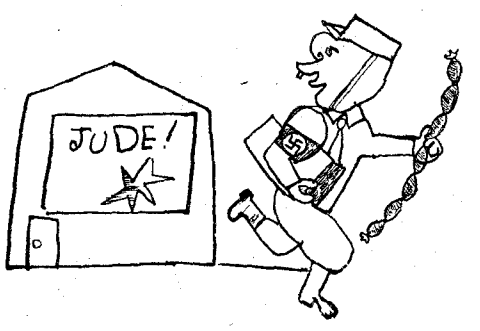


Liberty of conscience and education.

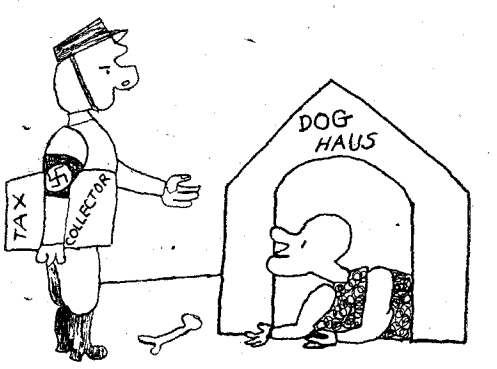
Just living annual wage.

Sanctity of human rights preferred to sanctity of property with government's chief concern for the poor.

Nationalization of important public resources.

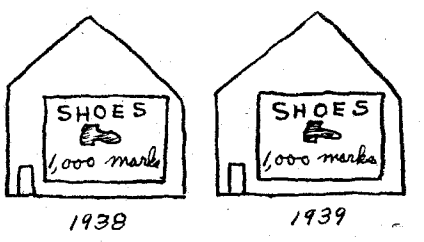


Private ownership of all other property.

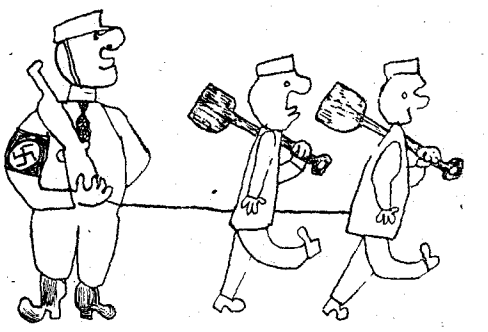


Broadened base of taxation on basis of ownership and capacity to pay.

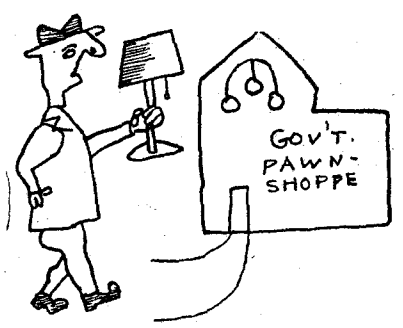
Cost of production plus a fair profit to the farmer.



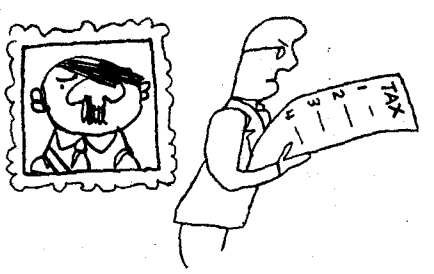
Cost of living maintained on an even keel.



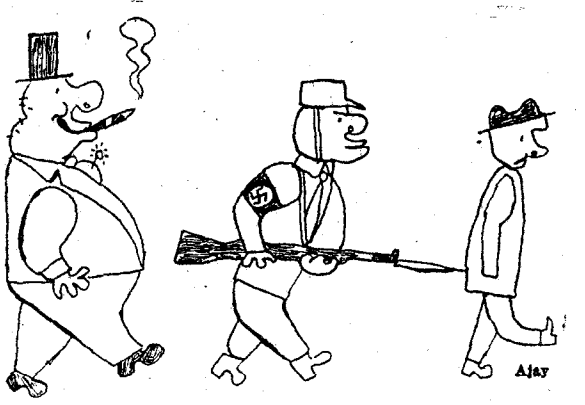
Labor's right to organize.



Control of private property for public good.



Simplification of government and lower taxes.



Conscription of wealth as well as men in event of war.

The quotation at the top is from a signed editorial in "Social Justice." The "principles" themselves comprise the captions under Ajay's drawings.

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A N E D I T O R I A L A R T I C L E

Roosevelt Calls the Roll for Peace

The President of the United States crystallizes American and world public opinion in a strong, practical plea for a ten-year peace. A program for all but fascists.

SPEAKING with "the voice of strength, and with friendship for mankind," President Roosevelt rolled back the waters of the Atlantic last Saturday. And if the tidal wave overwhelms the clay feet of the fascist dictators, its impact is also being felt on every other shore of the world. A ten-year truce to aggression is what the spokesman for the American people proposes. In return for a specific pledge not to attack thirty-one enumerated nations, the President will personally call an international conference, first of all that "the peoples of the world can obtain progressive relief from the crushing burden of armament," and second, for "the opening up of the avenues of international trade, to the end that every nation of the earth may be enabled to buy and sell on equal terms in the world market . . . to possess the assurance of obtaining the materials and products of a peaceful economic life."

By one decisive declaration, without signing a treaty or concluding an "entangling alliance," the President has demonstrated the latent power for peace which resides in America's participation in world affairs. Not only has he made a practical proposal for peace today, peace for a decade, for a whole generation "if we dare look that far ahead," but he has changed the spirit and mood of the people at home and abroad.

For two weeks, the world watched a pair of erstwhile sinners, Messrs. Chamberlain and Daladier, raise many hymns to the heavens, all of them with the plaintive refrain that the Munich cheers had seen the light. The Anglo-French guarantees to Poland, and the extension of these guarantees to Rumania and Greece, after Mussolini's aggression upon Albania, were themselves implied criticisms of the Munich policy. But the world watched with suspicion the "lion of least resistance."

> It is no use [said Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Liberals in the British Parliament] to go sprinkling guarantees around Europe unless those guarantees can be transformed into terms, not only of ships, but also of airplanes, munitions, armored vehicles, and troops . . . the only country, the only great power which can do that in the Balkans, is Russia. The most remarkable feature of this debate is that the prime minister, in this time of crisis for Europe and the whole world, made his speech without one single mention of Russia, until he was interrupted.

Roosevelt exhibited no trace of that reluctance which still enables Chamberlain to refuse the denunciation of the Anglo-Italian pact. In fact, there is no trace of the appeasement melody in the President's message. The situation has changed completely since last September, when a generous effort on the part of the United States to save the peace of Europe was cleverly utilized by Chamberlain and Daladier to force their Munich agreement under the semblance of American approval. In this sense, the Roosevelt action appears to alter the relationship of forces between British and American foreign policy. Despite the shameful recognition of Franco, unquestionably representing the fine hand of pro-fascist diplomacy in our State Department, the declaration of last Saturday brings pressure upon Mr. Chamberlain to move in harmony with the United States, or face fatal discredit of his policy at home.

But there is another sense in which the President's letter breaks with the Munich tradition. That is its unequivocal recognition that such is the prestige of the Soviet Union that it cannot be cold-shouldered in Europe. More than that, the prompt congratulation which President Kalinin gave to the Roosevelt initiative, the first official support of any great power, not only makes possible Soviet collaboration in the European peace front on terms which the USSR has advocated, but brings closer, for the world to applaud and the fascists to fume at, the cooperation of the socialist republic with the powerful democracy of the New World.

From another angle, the Roosevelt message emphasized the role of the United States toward smaller nations. At least twenty-eight of the nations for whom the President demands a pledge of non-aggression could not themselves have made such a move. The leavening character of the good-neighbor policy will be emphasized in the Western Hemisphere, even among those nations still ruled by petty dictators, who have themselves trafficked with the fascists in the past few years.

Above all, the Roosevelt initiative was an appeal to peoples as well as governments.

> I refuse to believe [the President declared] that the world is of necessity a prisoner of such destiny . . . Nothing can persuade the peoples of the earth that any governing power has the right, or need, to inflict the consequence of war on its own or any other people save in the cause of self-evident home defense.

The peoples of the world will grasp the measured meaning of such language. It will echo in the corridors of broken homes, in the concentration camps of the fascist countries.

But the impact of the President's action emphasizes again the unity that does, and must, exist between foreign and domestic affairs. The President has taken the wind out of the isolationist sails. He has turned their bellowing into a stutter, and sent their chieftains sulking to their tents. He has silenced the insulting charge, made last week on the floor of the "greatest deliberative body on earth," that he, rather than Hitler or Mussolini, was the warmonger. Only the most venal pro-fascists dare repeat this charge in the open. Very lamely indeed, Sen. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire was compelled to assert "that this is the first correct step he [the President] has made in the matter of foreign relations." With characteristic charlatanry, Hamilton Fish, of the so-called Committee to Keep America out of War, was constrained to commend Mr. Roosevelt for his "belated peace move." But Fish still has the brass to declare that, "sponsored by the President, it will amount to no more than a sensational and dramatic gesture."

In fact, Mr. Roosevelt has not only smitten his enemies into chagrined confusion, but he has broken the united front which the isolationists have tried to maintain with certain religious pacifist groups. By placing the problem of economic concessions to the fascists upon the conditions of a non-aggression pledge, he has won away those church groups who have hesitated at the idea of collective security because it seemed to violate their demand for an equitable distribution of economic resources to the vanquished powers after the World War. The response from the New York Methodist Conference, which was among the first to greet his message, merely scratches the surface of popular support which the President can expect.

Finally, Mr. Roosevelt has indirectly reminded the nation that the ship of state is moving through dangerous reefs and shallows. His leadership and stature is emphasized compared with the callow hoofers in the political spotlight, or septuagenarians with a desperately pathetic faith in their second youth, or even former pilots, whose pudgy hands itch for the helm of state again.

We cannot measure this message by immediate events alone. Mr. Roosevelt did not mention Danzig, nor must it be judged by whether or not the Nazis take over the Free City, whose democracy they have long undermined. But it is integral with our program of national defense. It is of a piece with the movement of our fleet to the Pacific danger spots. The logic of this action demands the immediate revision of the Neutrality Act along the lines of the Thomas amendment.

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New Masses

ESTABLISHED 1911

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★

Against "Neutrality"

THE swing away from isolationist "neutrality" toward a positive policy of assisting the victim of aggression has now received statistical verification in the latest Gallup poll. To the question "Do you think the [neutrality] law should be changed so that we could sell war materials to England and France in case of war?" 57 percent of the voters replied in the affirmative and 43 percent in the negative. The poll found a majority in favor of revision in all sections of the country, including the traditional isolationist strongholds in the Midwest.

The past week furnished additional evidence of the growing popular support for revision of the Neutrality Act. Nine national women's organizations, including the American Association of University Women, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Council of Jewish Women, the National League of Women Voters, and the National Women's Trade Union League, urged the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, through their representative, Mrs. Louise Leonard Wright of Chicago, to approve the Thomas amendment to the Neutrality Act. This would permit the President, with the consent of Congress, to impose embargoes solely against aggressors. Support for the Thomas amendment also came from a prominent Catholic layman, Dr. Charles G. Fenwick of Bryn Mawr College, who testified for the American Union for Concerted Peace Efforts. This organization has launched a nationwide drive for neutrality revision, culminating in a National Security Week from April 24 to May 1.

The trade unions too are taking a stand. The National Labor Committee of the American League for Peace and Democracy has filed a list of 1,139 AFL and CIO unions which are demanding legislation that will permit economic aid to the victim of aggression and bar it to the aggressor. It is only through such legislation that the dichotomy that today exists between the statements of President Roosevelt and our operative foreign policy as expressed in the Neutrality Act can be wiped out. The American people demand a change.

Friends of False Economy

NOT fully satisfied with separating 400,000 people from their guarantee of food, clothing, and shelter, the friends of false economy in Congress are seeking to smash the only organization that has defended the tories' victims. A new Dies committee, set up to investigate relief, started Monday by trying to embarrass David Lasser, president of the Workers Alliance. A European vacation Lasser took in 1937 was vested with international intrigue, and a press release the alliance sent out was called a special article because it was picked up by the *Daily Worker*. Politics in relief was mentioned often by the investigators, but they didn't care to discuss the kind of politics they themselves play.

WPA, indeed the very idea of federal aid to the unemployed, is being attacked in a dozen ways. The Byrnes bill to coordinate all public works, including WPA, under a single federal agency, progressive though it sounds, is as destructive of its purpose as Senator McNary's proposal to throw all federal relief employees back to the states, counties, and municipalities. Parts of the Byrnes bill are sound enough, but in the process of coordination another 750,000 workers would find themselves jobless. McNary's suggestion is more frankly reactionary, for we know from bitter experience the inadequacy of local machinery.

Pressure will work against the tories. The additional $100,000,000 that Congress did vote, although it will take its toll in suffering, was more than reaction wanted to give. They thought the original appropriation would do, and as recently as last week there were congressmen talking about no deficiency appropriation at all. In that sense the reactionaries lost. And the same kind of pressure will work against the other attempts on life and the means of living.

Satevepost Lays an Egg

ANOTHER refugee from the Soviets has decided to bare all. The gallant band of Tchernavins, Fred Beals, Isaac Don Levines, Eugene Lyonses, and George Sokolskys has acquired a new recruit in the person of W. G. Krivitsky, who is billed as no less than a former Red Army general. The *Saturday Evening Post (und Beobachter)* is currently giving this noble character an opportunity to buttress its apologetics for appeasement of fascism with a series "exposing" Stalin and the Soviet government. And Ludwig Lore, foreign affairs "expert" of the New York *Post,* has already rushed in with a manifesto: "Moscow will have to answer . . ." (tut, tut, Ludwig).

We do not know whether Mr. Krivitsky exists, or was what he claims to have been, or did the things he professes to have done. But we do know that the sole purpose of his first article, entitled "Stalin's Hand in Spain," is to defame the only government in the world—save Mexico—which came to the aid of Spanish democracy. This he does by a simple device: he takes the facts of Soviet assistance to Spain—facts which redound to the glory of the USSR—and surrounds them with oblique innuendo and distorted interpretation, though the Soviet Union was, of course, merely acting in accordance with international law. Then he adds a few choice horror stories drawn from his own or other people's imagination, and the result is a tale whose political effect is precisely the same as that of the Nazi or Hearst diatribes about "Red" Spain.

Placing Soviet aid on the same level as the Hitler-Mussolini invasion, the author damns Stalin because he "intervened" in Spain and damns him because he failed to "intervene" decisively enough to offset the combined efforts of the fascist powers. Nor is he troubled by the fact that the two damns cancel each other out. He claims that Soviet assistance was for the purpose of "creating in Madrid a vassal of the Kremlin." But later on he makes this admission: "Doctor Negrin saw the only salvation of his country in close cooperation with the Soviet Union." To admit that is to explode the whole argument that Negrin was a Stalin stooge and that cooperation with the Soviet Union meant converting Spain into "a vassal of the Kremlin."

One of Krivitsky's most fantastic tales is that the Barcelona uprising against the loyalist government in May 1937, organized by the Trotskyist POUM and certain Anarchist "uncontrollables," was "actually a conspiracy successfully carried off by the Ogpu." That Krivitsky, if the gentleman exists and was actually in Spain, had a finger in that conspiratorial pie we have no doubt. But this no more implicates the Soviet government than it exonerates Krivitsky's Trotskyist friends whose pro-fascist rebellion was preceded by months of violent incitement and intrigue against loyalist Spain. The *Saturday Evening Post* has laid a rather foul egg. Is it mere coincidence that this occurs at a time when the necessity for including the Soviet Union in any effective front against aggression has begun to penetrate even the highest places?

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Six to Two

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the Strecker case was a blow to the alien-haters and Red-baiters who have been attempting to revive the deportation scare of the Palmer era. The liberal majority ruled that Strecker's former membership in the Communist Party was no ground for deporting the Austrian-born restaurant proprietor of Hot Springs, Ark. As was to be expected, Justices McReynolds and Butler opposed the liberal decision.

It is regrettable that the court did not see fit to pass on the question of whether present membership in the Communist Party would constitute a deportable offense. It would have cleared the atmosphere even further to have pointed to the legality of the Communist Party under the Constitution. The Communist Party, through its attorney, presented conclusive proof to the court that it does not believe in, advise, teach, or advocate the violent overthrow of the government of the United States. It clearly does not, therefore, fall under the heading of the 1918 immigration statutes which define the basis for deportation.

Despite its evasion of this larger question, however, the Strecker decision is an important victory for progressives.

In another significant six-to-two decision —McReynolds and Butler again dissenting— the court upheld the new Agricultural Adjustment Act and the administration's principle of planned agriculture. This decision also represents a reversal of an earlier and less liberal court verdict. The wisdom of President Roosevelt's court appointments is emphasized by both the Strecker case and the AAA case.

"Christian Sentiments"

THE 100,000,000 American non-Catholics and the vast majority of American Catholics who were unable to recognize Franco, the puppet of Hitler and Mussolini, as quite the "defender of the faith" that the fascist propagandists made him out to be can well be surprised at last Sunday's broadcast of Pope Pius XII to Spain.

Such of his phrases as "the noblest of Christian sentiments of which the illustrious chief of your state has given unequivocal proof, as have also so many of his faithful collaborators, in the legal protection accorded to our supreme religious and social interests in conformity with the teachings of the Apostolic See" are intelligible only when coming from a man who knows nothing of the bombings of Guernica, Durango, Barcelona, or Madrid, the devastation of the Basque country, or the machine gunning of the population by Franco's "faithful collaborators," Hitler and Mussolini.

The Pope, formerly secretary of state for the Vatican, is aware of the part that the two fascist governments, both of whom attack the Catholic Church, played in Spain. He knows, of course, how they control it now. Even Chamberlain and Daladier know that. That's why the combined fleets of England and France are in Spanish waters.

Once a Pope sent the Spanish Armada against England. This is recognized as a great mistake for Catholicism. Will the Vatican ally itself to Franco and his "faithful collaborators"? The Russian Orthodox Church once supported a corrupt state of terror, too.

Bobby Moses' Aquacade

WE THINK there is something inconsistent in Robert Moses' strenuous objection to having a huge sign over the New York State Building at the World's Fair reading BILLY ROSE'S AQUACADE. Mr. Moses doesn't come into print with his hands clean, after having bludgeoned the City Council into planting a bridge from Brooklyn, neatly splitting the downtown skyline, into Battery Park where the pigeons and people will have to scram before the battering rams of traffic. Mr. Moses' bridge was opposed by the Laborites in the Council who thought a tunnel would be nicer, besides employing three times as many men in construction. But stern Moses broke the tablets over their heads and it looks like a bridge unless civic groups can deal him down in the hearings before the military authorities, who have to okay all such projects.

We're not so much for Rose as agin' Moses and we offer this inspired solution if Mr. Moses gets his way. Take the sign down off the Fair's skyline and stick it on top of the Brooklyn-Battery bridge.

Women Nationalized

CONNOISSEURS of Red-baiting lies are aware of the effect of such falsifications upon the sensibilities of decent folk. The invention of horrors which are attributed to the opposing side has long been a standard technique with demagogues and betrayers of the people. But that such liemongers should actually embrace the reality of the crimes of which they falsely accuse others has been reserved for the degenerate days of the fascist regimes.

The Nazi *Schwarze Korps* now brings to light the fact that Mayor Wattenscheidt in the Ruhr is offering 500 marks to unmarried women for each child they bear out of wedlock by a racially and hygienically acceptable father. The *Schwarze Korps,* according to the New York *Times,* agrees that "the false morality of Mrs. Grundy should not deprive healthy women of an opportunity to fulfill what is termed their highest function in the nation."

Thus, the infamous "nationalization of women" myth, first spread about the Soviet Union twenty years ago, becomes reality under that new barbarism which has dedicated itself to saving European civilization from Bolshevism.

Herb Kruckman

"He says he can't help slicing them union-made golf balls."

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What's On Your Mind?

The Soviet Union and the Jewish refugees. An answer by Earl Browder to many inquiries.

MANY letters have been received by NM asking for further discussion of the position of the Soviet Union and the Jewish refugees, mentioned by Earl Browder in answer to the question first asked at the NM forum at the Hippodrome, in New York, on "Soviet Economy and the World Today."

Several readers have sent in copies of Dr. S. Margoshes' attack on the Soviet Union policy which appeared in the *Day,* a New York Jewish daily.

Mr. Browder's reply follows:

Thanks for sending me clippings of the campaign being made against the Soviet Union by Dr. Margoshes of the *Day,* on the question of refugees. This can hardly be taken as representative of the Jewish community, since the worthy doctor but recently found it necessary to resign from his post in the American Jewish Congress because he was so flagrantly out of step with his people. His present demagogy against the Soviet Union will not improve his position. The Jewish people of the whole world know that the Soviet Union is the only land where anti-Semitism is systematically stamped out by the government itself; and they know also that the Soviet Union is the only land where refugees from oppression are welcomed without distinction of race, nationality, or religion.

If Dr. Margoshes is so anxious to obtain comparative official figures, he is in a much better position than I am to do so. There is an international committee, set up by the Evian conference, of governmental and non-governmental representatives, to deal with this question. It is true that the Soviet Union was excluded from that conference, but this fact only makes it the more incumbent upon such persons as Dr. Margoshes to insist that the Soviet Union shall be brought into such a body—especially if he feels that that country could or should do more than at present to solve this international problem, as, presumably, he does, since he gives so much more space to it than to the problem of obtaining admittance of refugees to the United States. His failure to support this demand so far is *prima facie* evidence of lack of good faith on his part.

All my observations and information support the claim that, considering exclusively the period since the beginning of the present fascist chain of aggressions and the rise of the current refugee problem, there are more refugees enjoying asylum in the Soviet Union than in France, Britain, and the United States combined—and that this applies to Jewish as to all other categories. There are no official figures for any country that I have been able to find. But if Dr. Margoshes wishes to challenge my observations, he should present his own evidence, not merely call upon me for it, in a barrage of lies, slanders, and insinuations, about a whole series of questions that have nothing to do with this one, and which I will therefore ignore.

Of course, Dr. Margoshes will not print this answer in his column. Such an act would not be in keeping with his kind of campaign, which is directed toward injuring the best friend that the Jewish people have among all governments of the world. His campaign is designed to help cover up the shameful betrayal of the Jewish people by Neville Chamberlain's government, and to distract attention from the menacing rise of anti-Semitism in the United States—two issues which leave Dr. Margoshes unexcited and cold.

READER'S FORUM

Criticizing the Critics

OPINION pro and con about Herbert Kline's *Crisis,* that powerful film about the rape of the Sudetenland, continues. The letter below from David Platt, motion picture reviewer of the *Daily Worker,* defends the critics from the critics of the critics:

"In last week's issue of NEW MASSES, Robert Forsythe blew off a little steam on a matter that made him sore and referred to my review of *Crisis* in the March 15 issue of the *Daily Worker* as one which was calculated to keep people from going to see the film.

"Since when, may I ask, does sensible criticism of a distinguished film discourage attendance at the theater? Herbert Kline's film on Czechoslovakia is, as almost everybody knows by now, a powerful eye-witness document of the destruction of a great democratic state. It deserves the unqualified attention of every anti-fascist. However, the film also happens to deal with the most crucial question of our time. It therefore deserves not only generous praise for its virtues but also earnest, critical analysis of its faults. I believe it received both in the left press. *Crisis* is too big a film to be encompassed with a mere blurb.

"In my review in the *Daily Worker,* I stated that although Kline's film 'is one of the most powerful documents ever recorded by the camera, one that will be remembered and referred to by historians of the Munich betrayal, it nevertheless has certain serious shortcomings that cannot be overlooked and should be corrected in so important a film.' Summarized, these weaknesses are: insufficient evidence either in the picture or in the commentary to indicate the real strength of the democratic forces betrayed by Chamberlain; a tendency to exaggerate the strength of the Henleinists; no intimation that the fight for democracy has been spurred on elsewhere by this temporary setback at Munich; defeatism; despair. This is not only my theory. It is the opinion of many.

"Forsythe claims that 'all the Nazi propaganda succeeds in doing to the average man is make him so horrified that he becomes immediately an anti-fascist whether or not he ever previously thought of the matter.' I am not so sure of this.

"I have spoken to quite a number of people and I know there are many others who agree with the motion picture critic of the New York *Post* that 'if you ignore the spoken word which does its best to put the curse on the Nazis, the Nazis are most impressive in numbers and enthusiasm. The commentator explains that much of the marching is forced on pain of later punishment. The trouble is that anything can be said, while what you see, you see. These Nazis positively exude power, fanaticism, and confidence.'

"Forsythe states that *Crisis* is the best documentary film he has ever seen because it doesn't lay the moral on with a trowel, but I maintain that the film would have done far greater justice to its theme if it had been more exhortatory and less expository; if it had allowed more room for the expression of just such 'childish hissing and name calling' as Frank Nugent of the New York *Times* scoffs at. In short, if it had *'laid the moral on with a trowel.'* (In the case of fascism one cannot pile the moral on too thickly, and, by the way, since when has it become childish to give the razzberry to a maniac or an indication of adulthood to weep and do nothing?) As the film is now, is leaves practically no loophole for hissing, cheering, or anything more demonstrative than tears."

National Health Program

A STUDENT at Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, writes in to comment on Richard H. Rovere's series of articles on our national health entitled "Four-fifths of a Nation":

"I know I'm a little bit late with this but I didn't get my copy of NEW MASSES till recently—I would like to make a correction and one or two comments on Richard H. Rovere's article in the March 28 issue, 'Four-fifths of a Nation—II.'

"On page 10, the article states that 'the government, if the national health program goes through, will build 180,000 new general hospitals. . . .' In the first place, the health program itself contemplates building 180,000 hospital *beds,* the only manipulable measure of hospitals. Since general hospitals for efficiency average about two hundred beds, this means 900 *hospitals.* (Report of the Technical Committee on Medical Care, pp. 2, 19, 20.)

"Finally, one cannot overlook the anticipated construction of another 180,000 special beds, also vitally needed at the present time.

"The author says that gradual expansion to $850,000,000 is planned because capitalist economy is not sufficiently flexible. This is undoubtedly true, but stated thus it serves to mask another important aspect of the situation. Were the entire program put into effect at once there would be an appalling shortage of physicians and technicians and nurses. These fields, regarded as overcrowded today, could admit thousands of new members. It is this sort of thing that causes the AMA to fight the act so desperately. And this fact also highlights the gross inadequacy of present-day medical care of the American people—while hundreds of capable students are turned away by medical schools every year there is a shortage of doctors. Such wanton waste is a sharp indictment of capitalism.

"But I also come to praise. NEW MASSES has been doing a wonderful job recently, and deserves every ounce of our support. Were I financially able, this letter would contain a money order. Unfortunately I can only give you every wish and hope for complete success in the present drive. America cannot do without NEW MASSES."

And here's Brother Rovere's reply:

"I cannot but agree with the two corrections. The figure of 180,000 hospital *beds* rather than hospitals was, of course, an error in transcription; the plan for a National Health Program being brought to fruition gradually is, as the correspondent says, due to the inadequacy of capitalism on two scores: the economy's inflexibility and the lack of trained technicians. The latter seemed to me a part of the former, but I agree that the omission served somewhat to mask the other aspect. Despite the tory cry of "too many" doctors, our training of medical people has not yet come up to our needs.

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Literature and Society

Harry Slochower discusses some phases of the problem with which social critics of art are confronted.

SOME years have passed since Michael Gold leveled his celebrated attack on Thornton Wilder. The attack roused the esthetes from their pure dreams in a magical stratosphere. It resulted in their questioning of the Platonic-Kantian argument, popularized by Schopenhauer, that the artist was to shun life's fugitive and adventitious facets, and concern himself solely with the permanent forms of reality.

Is it necessary today, after the brutal gesture of book burnings and artistic ostracism by the Hitlers, to labor the point that literature and politics are parts of the human pattern and coexist in the framework of reality? Indeed, to the extent that it is sensitive to the total human situation, art cannot but encompass the social. Such inclusion, as Thomas Mann puts it today, constitutes the *democratic* nature of art.

It is simply mechanical to hold as Joseph Wood Krutch did, as late as 1933, that "man *qua* artist and man *qua* reformer are antithetical things." The writer may not want to concern himself with society, but society concerns himself with him. Whether they desire it or not, the writer and politician are locked within the same frame and exert reciprocal effects on each other. To be sure, art gives expression to individual and permanent forms in human existence, as well. And these forms, as we shall see later, are decisive for the evaluation of artistic execution. Yet, it should be noted at the outset that these particular and universal categories operate *within* the compass of the social, which shapes their *form* and *direction*. In short, art is an effect. And, in turn, it affects. From this angle, *there is no escapist literature*. All art, whether it be the type of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* or of the naturalistic strike novel, is both a resultant of forces operative outside of it, as well as a power, affecting the social graph.

However, the real problem of the relation between literature and society arises only at this point. The difficult question which the critic faces is not that the two realms are concatenated, but the *nature* of this connection and the *manner* in which it is revealed by the form and the process of art.

The reaction to the tradition of esthetic essences was an extreme naturalism. As against the mystic vision that a rose "was a rose, was a rose," most phenomena were class-angled in terms of *Redder than the Rose*. The pendulum swung with storm and stress vehemence toward a position that, at times, overstated and over-simplified the social context of literature. A one-to-one correspondence replaced the former all-to-none correspondence. Critics demanded "reality," a demand met by the documentary novel and drama, presenting a literal translation of the immediate historic present. Despite its vigor, spontaneity, and daring, it must be set down that, in its initial impatience, this movement tended to throw out the baby with the bath. It omitted what the opposition had overstressed, namely the element of *transcendence* in art, its vision, in short the symbolic pointing which gives art its more than immediate import. Even Dos Passos, perhaps the subtlest representative of this direction, often produced either flat, indistinguishable types that suggested the obvious or unique individualities that were incomprehensible. The depiction of atomic entities was baffling, since the reader was unacquainted with their antecedent biography. Such resultants appeared like homeless waifs, windowless monads in a pre-established disharmony. James Joyce and his imitators represented a similar phenomenon from *within*. Their subjective detailing was at one with the atomism of the naturalists in that both presented reality as broken, chopped multiplicity. What this literature omitted was the unifying dialectic, the *relations* that give meaning to things and which alone produce the element of overlap in art. It is this overlap which explains the phenomenon Karl Marx recognized when he wrote that "certain periods of highest development of art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization."

Still, as noted, this art was historically a wholesome antidote to that pale literature which, fearing to contaminate its eternal haven by treatment of specific human beings, produced an emasculated, anaemic universal man. That such an approach will limit even exceptionally gifted artists is seen in a work like *The Magic Mountain,* with its overbalance of cerebral talk and well behaved types, and of course by most of the expressionistic writers.

The error common to both the naturalistic and the idealistic writer and critic is in the

Colin Allen

"Poor Throckmorton, he's spent years trying to overthrow the social order by farce."

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Kathe Kollwitz, Self-Portrait

SIX WOODCUTS

by

KATHE KOLLWITZ

Printed from
of the century the drawings for Zola's *Ger·*

THE ORIGINAL BLOCKS

IN 1897-1898 Kathe Kollwitz produced her cycle, *The Weavers' Rising*, and at the turn *minal* and the Peasant's War cycle, inspired by Gerhard Hauptmann's play *Florian Geyer*. This work sprang from the spiritual consciousness of German Naturalism. But whereas the literary movement ran to seed and ended in formalistic symbolism, this woman pursued her course alone. The countenances of her people are furrowed with care, blunted, weary, all alike, as the men and women of the people do look alike.

Kathe Kollwitz was elected by the republic to the Academy of Arts. The Hitler regime excluded her from that illustrious circle and banned her work. Today, in her seventies, she lives in Switzerland, an exile.

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choice of extreme alternatives: of time or eternity, of history or law, of change or permanence, of the particular or the general. In both, the universe is deterministically closed, monistically encircled. In this way they do violence to the intrinsic nature of the artistic object. For the quality unique to art is that of *mediating* between these extremes. Art presents coordinates applicable to man and his world generally. In this respect, however, it performs the service also rendered by science and philosophy. Wherein art differs from the latter is that its form is of a *sensuous* nature. That is, its universals appear through the medium of *particular, concrete situations and characters.*

In short, art strives toward uniting the idealistic universality of the esthetic emphasis with the naturalistic concreteness of the so-called materialistic esthetics. Hence, as George Lukacs has pointed out, the critic's question becomes: to what extent has the artist solved "the riddle of elevating individuality to the typical without destroying the individual relief"? The greatest problem of a writer consists in such interweaving of the multifarious lines that criss-cross and make up the nature of the individual, lines that issue from his group, class, epoch, and constitute, at the same time, the recurrent patterns of human existence as a whole. This consideration helps the writer to steer between giving the literal and accidental (the fallacy of simple documentation) and offering mere philosophic abstraction (the fallacy of "pure" art). Where an art does not transmute the idea by sensuous means, where its tendency does not arise from the situation, there the critic will discover that the "idea" is weak. In this sense, poor art spells poor propaganda. The greatness of art depends on the fusion between the sensuous and the abstract.

From these considerations follow a number of pertinent implications for the literary critic in his attempt to do justice to the "meaning" of art.

The writer tells a *story*. In its course, he may introduce abstract ideologies, formulated by his characters, or else stated independently of them. How determine the intellectual import of the work? Some critics select "the philosophy" of a character whom they choose as the "voice" of the author. Others take some comment made in the course of the plot. Still others regard the concluding portion as the "idea" of the work as a whole, as the writer's preferred "solution" of his problem. Such methods must be regarded as highly misleading. To begin with, a writer creates *all* his characters. Every one of them must have something of the author in them, and hence, in some sense, he affirms everything expressed in his work. Nor may the conclusion be taken as the writer's complete "point." For this ignores two vital factors: the *process* by which the end is reached and *the relative artistic reality of the characters.*

The process contains the hurdles, the temptations, "the enemy." And the enemy in art must be considered as *part* of the writer's meaning, conviction, and ideology, which sometimes profoundly modifies the conclusion voiced at the end. Likewise with characters. When a writer ostensibly names character "A" as his ideal, but succeeds in infusing character "B" with greater life, that fact has something to do with determining the ideology of a writer. Indeed, in times of violent transitions, when a writer is torn by various currents, the critic may expect to find such ironic reservations revealed in the discrepancy between what an author states his forensic meaning to be, and his actual artistic creation. The phenomena of Sigrid Undset, Thomas Mann, and Martin Andersen Nexo illustrate the point. We might briefly note two other examples. In terms of its avowed directive, Knut Hamsun's work holds up the agrarian order as a contemporary ideal. But this attitude receives an impressive qualification by the process of his more recent novels in which the "natural" characters lose their glamour, become uprooted vagabonds, flirting with the more stable "ambitions" of security and technical efficiency. Similarly Proust. His novel ends with an elaborate, abstract justification for the patient depiction of his society. Yet, the story itself mercilessly exposes its frozen patterns.

These reflections suggest that criticism must seek the idea in literature as it has become *body* through the complex web of the artistic process. In other words, the meaning of art is implicit. Its ideology is embedded in the evolution of the plot, in the execution of the action and the actors. The "how" conditions the "what." It follows that the ideal of literary criticism is *the dramatization* of the artistic process, a task that requires something like a restatement of the artist's own operation. That is, literary criticism must do justice to the psychology of art.

As applied to contemporary literature, the problem of criticism is greatly complicated by our chaotic scene. Literature has ever mirrored man's estrangement from compulsive actualities, sometimes through realism, sometimes through the magical transcendence of symbolism. This estrangement, accentuated by the introduction of quantitative norms, such as money, machinery, and production for profit, resulting in the depersonalization of man, has today reached chaotic proportions. War and fascism have wrought transvaluations of values in all directions at once. It is therefore not surprising that literature has become uncertain of its material, that its symbolism is involved, becoming tortured and masochistic, nostalgic and hypertrophied. So contradictory have our mores become that literature is often an inorganic aggregate of social, psychological, anthropological and various other motifs. Consider the confusion and jumble of the art produced as a result of the fascist steamroller. There are the works of the exiles, torn from their homes, which they both love and despise, hailing their new homes in which they must needs feel somewhat homeless. Or consider the many inner questionings of writers who have remained in

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Hitlerland, who have outwardly accepted Nazi regimentation but whose enthusiasm cannot very well be regimented. An art growing on a base of this kind will naturally evolve anomalies in form and process. Such art cannot be free. Since man, through his spirit, is ever fated to question his world, he can never be completely free. But the obstructions of fortuitous calamities *are* removable. And social freedom is the condition for human and artistic freedom. The function of art, Marx once noted, is to "humanize man's sensibilities," to make possible the development of man to a "complete" human being. This universal art requires a free, universal society.

HARRY SLOCHOWER.

Elliot Paul's Novel

Edwin Berry Burgum reviews "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

IN *The Stars and Stripes Forever* (Random House, $2.50), Elliot Paul has written the sort of strike story that many people have been waiting for. He has not grappled with the theme like a tense surgeon bent on performing a successful operation though the patient dies. You do not feel here that all the surgeon's motions have been correct, and it is a pity the creature does not show its gratitude by the lifelike twitch of a limb somewhere. Paul's story is warm with swift-flowing blood, propelled by the suspense that human conflicts awaken when their outcome is not in the bag but must be won by continual pull against the changing odds. Paul has earlier proved that he can write the esoteric novel, but in this book he has appropriately chosen to return to the simpler tradition of telling a story which novelists followed before they began to take cynical pleasure in despising their fellowmen and describing the vertigo and paralysis that had taken the place of action in them. You do not find in this novel any new torture of words to break your brains against, nor any intricate crossword puzzle of a plot. Instead you frankly share the experience of men whose self-respect has not been corrupted by the canons of respectability.

Something, then, of the spirit of *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town* pervades the book. Only here it is not sympathy with the spaciousness and the beauty of a popular culture that is soon to be bombed out of existence. You sympathize with the same class of poor people, only now they are in America, of varied races, aroused by assaults upon their meager standard of living, and knit together by the dawning sense of a common enemy. And you share their struggles as literally as when you watch a boxer; you sense their confidence in the one form of security that modern life has not deprived them of, their stout right arms; you sense their growth in discipline and judgment as they grow conscious of the power of union organization to channel strength. When the union men throw the gorillas out of the bar, they take this bit of necessary work in their stride, and it is for the middle class to admire.

But the whole life of the town is there also, in broad strokes, without falsification or furbelow. In true anti-Roosevelt, Union League style, the owner of the mill upon which the Connecticut town depends for livelihood dictatorially orders the transfer of the industry to another state when his men begin to join the CIO. But his action shocks many a good citizen of the town who has believed in the paternalism of big business. The old New England lady who owns a vacant hall dislikes being told to whom she can rent it, and straightway gives it over to the union. The mayor, a Swede who has been the naive tool of his respect for American ways of getting ahead, objects when he discovers his nominal authority is being supplanted by subordinates whose obscurity and relentlessness are more valuable to the corporation in the emergency; and he begins for the first time to realize that he may have a duty toward the electorate.

In the end the workers are starved out, and supplanted by men imported from out of town, though Mr. Paul hints that the national government may in due time get around to applying the Wagner act. But the union men and their sympathizers, nevertheless, have won a real if not an immediately efficacious victory. They have become conscious of their friends and their enemies. They have learned the comradeship of democracy and, in this novel, the phrase is not a cliche but, at long last and without illusion, the rediscovery of America.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

Before Munich

Caldwell's and Bourke-White's "North of the Danube."

THE new book by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White (*North of the Danube,* Viking Press, $3) is a worthy successor to *You Have Seen Their Faces.* It emphasizes as effectively as any political treatise the enormity of the crime at Munich. For while these pictures and observations of Czechoslovakia were made before the robber's pact in September, they make us visualize more distinctly than ever what Munich really meant in human terms. Now that we have seen their faces in this book, we can remember that the fight for Czechoslovakia's freedom is a fight for the young paprika sower of Slovakia, the women of the Moravian wheatlands, the workers in the vineyards, the gay schoolgirl of Bohemia, the brawny Praha tinsmith, the earnest Talmudic students of Carpathian Ruthenia, and that unforgettable mountain shepherdess of Luh whose portrait was reproduced in NM of February 24.

The authors traveled westward, from the marketplace of Uzhorod, the capital of Carpathian Ruthenia, to the office of a Nazi agent in Praha. The menace of the Nazis, personi-

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fied by this agent, hung over the entire country, casting an ugly shadow over the magnificent land. Ancient Brno, the capital of Moravia, had become a haven for refugees from Germany and Austria:

> The peace that the refugees had found in Brno was almost unbelievable to them. Many of them had not eaten for days at a time, many of them had slept in ditches and fields. The taste of food again was unreal. However, the refugees in Brno knew that the peace they had found would not be a lasting one. Many of them realized that they were only beginning a life of exile, and that within a short time they would be forced to go somewhere else. The forces that had driven them, German and Jew, from Berlin to Vienna, and from Vienna to Brno, would catch up and drive them to they knew not where.

Wherever they traveled, the authors discovered evidences of this sinister threat.

It is needless to comment upon the extraordinary vitality of the Bourke-White portraits and the sensitive reporting of Erskine Caldwell. Both are at their best here, and nobody denies that at their best they are unsurpassed in this medium. It is regrettable that there are so few photos of the industrial workers of the country. Margaret Bourke-White's preoccupation with portrait and landscape results in an underemphasis of the dynamic movement of groups. It is also true that Caldwell is most at home in the treatment of people whom he can immediately see and touch rather than in the study of men in the mass. But most of us suffer from generalization at the expense of the particular fact, and we need this book to give flesh to our ideas about Czechoslovakia. *North of the Danube* is a splendid job of reporting and photography. It is to be hoped that Modern Age will issue an inexpensive reprint, as they did last year with *You Have Seen Their Faces.*

BERTRAM GALE.

O. E. Rolvaag

A biography of the author of "Giants in the Earth."

RECALLING the fantasies of his Nordland childhood in a poverty-stricken fisherman's home, O. E. Rolvaag once wrote: "Just wait till I was grown up! I would do unheard of things, shoot a whale. . . . Perhaps there would come wars, I would be in them, distinguish myself, and there would be written books about me, books that people would read and marvel at."

He shot no whale, and when the World War came he was saddened by it, but one of the books has now appeared. *(O. E. Rolvaag,* by Theodore Jorgenson and Nora O. Solum; Harper & Bros., $4). And while it is not the kind of book at which people marvel, it is a competent work about a significant man in an important time and place.

Ole Edvart seemed a dull boy. Yet within him, during school days and later on the fishing boats, there beat the dark mystic poetry of the Norwegian forests and hills and the sea. A restless ambition drove him to America, where he landed, penniless, in 1896. At once he began the long train ride to South Dakota, later to become the scene of his great novel of the immigrant pioneers, *Giants in the Earth.* Fortunately, an uncle had sent him a ticket.

The struggles of the immigrant youth bear a resemblance to the tragic heroism which was later to pervade his mature works. Putting Norway behind him, he had written in his diary a quotation from the great Norwegian novelist and poet Bjornstjerne Bjornson:

> Some day, I think, I shall reach the goal,
> Far, far beyond the mountains.

But progress in South Dakota seemed bitterly slow. One dollar was piled painfully on another only by the most back-breaking of farm work. He was lonely; few others interested themselves outside the routine, and his romantic visions of love were forever being torn by disillusionment. Once, after a disappointment, he wrote in his diary: "Let blondes and brunettes equally go to the deuce—*I* will go to school." Which was what he wanted to do anyhow. By farm work, book canvassing, and time-honored sweeping of dormitory floors he eventually secured an education at Augusta Academy, Canton, S. Dak., and St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn. After a year at the Royal Frederick's University, Oslo, he married and settled down as instructor in Norwegian language and literature at St. Olaf, a position maintained until his last illness and death in 1931.

The perseverance of the Norwegian immigrant may be seen in the fact that his first, but never published, novel was written twenty years before the appearance (in Norway in 1924-25, here in 1927) of the two-volume *Giants in the Earth.* At the age of thirty-six he did manage to secure publication of *Letters from America,* purporting to be those of an immigrant boy to his father and brother, but the sale of this work and of the Norwegian-language novels which followed was not large. But slowly his masterpiece of the settling and breaking of the prairies took shape, and during a year's leave of absence he hibernated in northern Minnesota and wrote it.

Rolvaag's interest in the immigrants of the Northwest was mostly of a cultural, spiritual, and religious nature; while terming himself a liberal Democrat, he took little active part in politics and never fully developed his social viewpoint. That might have come, for he developed slowly in all things. He had moved by degrees into literary realism and finally had warred with the old-guard section of the Lutheran ministry. In 1930 he supported Enar Hoidale, liberal Democrat, for the United States Senate, against Republican Thomas Schall, arch-reactionary, and while there is no record given here that he favored Floyd B. Olson, who in that year became the first Farmer-Labor governor, it is probable that passive

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support was given, since a tacit "deal" existed between Olson and Hoidale.

Those who desire a more complete understanding of the section embracing the Dakotas, Minnesota, and parts of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Nebraska, as well as literary admirers of Rolvaag, would do well to get hold of this book.

DALE KRAMER.

Expose of Racism

Herbert J. Seligman's "Race Against Man" a timely refutation.

OF ALL the dehumanizing ingredients that compose the mosaic of fascism, none is so vicious as its racist policy. And, as is persuasively demonstrated in this timely book (*Race Against Man,* by Herbert J. Seligman; G. P. Putnam's Sons, $2.75), there is none so barren of foundation in science, ethics, or otherwise. *Race Against Man* is a popularized synthesis of all the accumulated scholarship on the subject of race. The author checks the current doctrines of the totalitarian racists against the established body of scientific knowledge in anthropology, biology, psychology, and related fields. In a presentation remarkably incisive for the tremendous research that has gone into this rather small volume, he lays bare the claims for a genetically pure Aryan or Nordic "race," endowed by hereditary destiny with superior physical and spiritual attributes.

Science has well established that ethnic groups can be properly classified as races only on the basis of distinctive *physical* characteristics. Because of innumerable overlappings and variations between every race, none has remained pure—and perhaps least of all the Germans and Italians. Furthermore, there is no scientific warrant for the argument that physical descriptions can imply fatal limitations in spiritual and cultural potentialities. On the contrary, the world's culture is seen as the product of the accumulated contributions of all peoples and no one race may rightfully claim preeminence in the authorship. Finally, the classic Nazi warnings of racial degeneration through miscegenation are thoroughly discredited. Far from being a disadvantage, ethnic mixture is a means of solving many human problems.

The shallow and self-seeking motivations which underly prevailing attitudes on race are trenchantly exposed in the challenging chapters on the Negroes, the Oriental minorities in the United States, and the Jews. In the instance of the first two, the author shows that the so-called colored problem "is in reality the white problem, and that problem lies in the conquest of fear, greed, and sanctified brutality having for their aim and objective economic exploitation." Anti-Semitism is placed in proper relation to its historical roots and is correctly appraised as an instrument to advance economic and political reaction. The author sees its contemporary development under the aegis of the Nazis as a threat which transcends the fate of the Jewish people and imperils all the basic values of civilization.

The book suffers from one unfortunate weakness. This is the author's omission of any reference to the attitude on race (and its collateral implications) on the part of the Soviet Union. The latter is today an ideal crucible for ethnic admixture, almost two hundred diverse racial elements fusing harmoniously into the unified composite which is the country of socialism. The demonstrated strength of the USSR in every phase of economic, political, and social activity is the best evidence in rebuttal of the Nazi racist position; the Soviet Union alone is using race, not "against" man, but to serve his ends and those of society.

Apart from this serious shortcoming, *Race Against Man* is an excellent discussion of a complex subject that is susceptible of much confusion today. Written in a spirited style and yet with much sensitivity, it is in every respect a valuable addition to the recent literature exposing the spuriousness of Nazi-fascism.

JOSEPH HASTINGS.

Brief Review

Collection of articles on American Folksongs.

THE fifteen articles by Robert Winslow Gordon which were written for the New York *Times* Sunday magazine some eleven years ago and now published in a single volume (*Folksongs of America*) by the National Service Bureau of the WPA are studded with examples of every type of American folksong: North Carolina mountain songs, Negro spirituals, Negro work songs, shouts and chants, lumberjack songs, cowboy songs, songs of the pioneers, etc.

The volume contains ample evidence to support Mr. Gordon's claim that America has a body of folksong "perhaps greater in extent than that possessed by any other nation, and certainly unsurpassed in interest and variety of types." The publication of this volume (which sells for 25 cents) and, I hope, subsequent volumes which will include tunes as well as verses, should soon dispose of the paradoxical situation in which songs that owe their very existence to the mass of the people have remained for so long the property and pleasure of a handful of specialists and collectors. WPA can score up another contribution to American culture.

DAVID SILVER.

Charles Martin

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Poetry on the Air

"Words Without Music," over the Columbia network, offers dramatic performance of poetry and verse plays. A fresh, exciting presentation.

ONE Sunday afternoon last December, the Columbia Broadcasting System took a flyer on the average American's potentialities as a poetry lover. Through sixty of its stations the network sent out a program called "Words Without Music." People in Passamaquoddy, in Winston-Salem, or in Saginaw, who tuned in by chance on that program, heard a group of actors *perform* the poetry of Vachel Lindsay, William Rose Benet, and Carl Sandburg. A new type of program, offering a different treatment of poetry, it has won a considerable audience for an art against which the American mind has been heavily prejudiced.

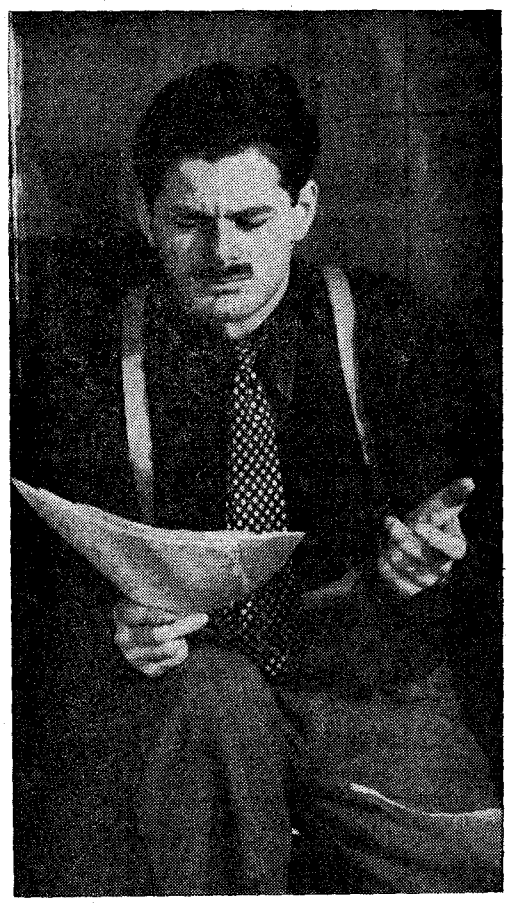
Part of this public hostility to poetry is the belief that it is an abnormal, effeminate, highbrow, meaningless art. There is the misconception of the poet as a dreamer and idler, unfit to meet the realities of the world of work and war. There is the common caricature of the long-haired starveling inditing verses in his Paris or Greenwich Village garret. There are the countless schoolrooms where an epic is memorized in tedious chunks and its every phrase is stupidly and laboriously analyzed to the last syllable. There are the poetry societies where a handful of exclusive people reverently whisper homage to long-dead romantics. There are those prolific scribblers who read simperingly on the air their syrupy verses. And there are those erudite conjuring tricks, the product of poets retired into their private dream world.

But against all these factors in our common life making for indifference or opposition, there are strong and active signs of a hope for poetry. From the founding of Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* in 1912, to today, some fifty thousand poets have achieved publication and certainly many times more have never gotten into print. Americans in great numbers are seeking to express their experiences in verse. Another indication of their natural feeling for rhythm and rhyme is the popularity of limerick contests, of Gilbert and Sullivan, and of jazz songs. And among the workers of America, on ranches, in lumber camps, in mining towns, in steel mills, in cotton fields, in hundreds of our industries, work songs and ballads of their own making have been shaped and sung and recited until they have become an integral part of emotional life.

That poetry is an art which everyone can and does practice in one form or another is indisputable. It is a human activity reflecting and influencing human activities. Taken in this elementary sense, Americans do not shy away from poetry. For they think of their own songs and ballads not as poetry consciously made but as a natural product of forces within their lives and work that need expression. It is when a highly serious label is attached that they tend to reject it, even though it may be something good, something having beauty and meaning for them. It is a publishing miracle when the thin little books of verse priced at $1.75 or the fatter ones at $3 sell enough to cover their cost. And it is usually rare to find a magazine editor printing verse anywhere but in a cranny of his page or between the ads in the back.

Recognizing the need for poetry and the prejudice against it, Norman Corwin, himself a young poet, planned for the radio a program of poetry that would offset the prejudice and help meet the need. Mr. Corwin does not claim to be the first to see the possibilities of verse in radio. In his introduction to *The Fall of the City,* a radio verse play written at the end of 1936, Archibald MacLeish wrote:

> The argument for radio as a stage for verse is neither long nor sensational . . . radio is a mechanism which carries to an audience sounds and nothing but sounds. . . . There is only the spoken word—an implement which poets have always claimed to use with a special authority. There is only the word-excited imagination—a theater in which poets have always claimed peculiar rights to play. . . . With the eye closed or staring at nothing, verse has every power over the ear. The ear accepts, accepts and believes, accepts and creates. The ear is the poet's perfect audience, his only true audience. And it is radio and only radio which can give him public access to this perfect friend. . . .



NORMAN CORWIN, *the director of "Words Without Music," often acts in and writes for the programs, which go on the air over CBS at 2:30 (EST) Sunday afternoons.*

MacLeish was persuading American poets to experiment with verse plays for radio, but Corwin in his "Words Without Music" has not limited himself to plays written in verse form. He has experimented with non-dramatic verse, applying to it a technique of orchestration and augmentation that gives it dramatic impact. In his production of Sandburg's *The People, Yes,* for example, different voices were used, in order to achieve the quality of restlessness, change, motion, that is in the original.

Sound effects (as in all Corwin's verse adaptations) were written in both as background and as active elements—e.g., the machine effect behind Sandburg's brief poem:

> The machine yes the machine
> never wastes anybody's time
> never watches the foreman
> never talks back. . . .

The effect operates in strict counterpoint and deliberate rhythm to reenforce the impression of noise and monotony. One notes the use of a thunderdrum at several points to heighten the low ominous tone of certain speeches.

Following that principle of adaptation, Mr. Corwin has been producing on "Words Without Music" the work of a wide variety of poets. One program was given to the Negro writers James Weldon Johnson, Sterling Brown, and Irwin Russell. Another to the Englishmen Thomas Hood, W. S. Gilbert, Jonathan Swift, Shakespeare, Matthew Arnold, and Edward Lear. Two American ballads by Longfellow and Amanda Benjamin Hall made up one program. Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* took up an entire program on March 5. At other times Mr. Corwin has broadcast his adaptations of Robert Frost, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thackeray, Alfred Noyes, David Morton, Browning, Keats, Poe, and Amy Lowell.

Two interesting experiments with his own verse have been produced by Mr. Corwin. On December 25 his very amusing *Plot to Overthrow Christmas* was broadcast, and on February 19 his *They Fly Through the Air with the Greatest of Ease.* The latter was based upon Vittorio Mussolini's book cele-

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brating the joy and beauty of bombing helpless villages and civilians. Although written and rehearsed in a couple of days, the verse play was exceptionally good, winning even wider recognition for Corwin both as radio producer and poet.

The response to "Words Without Music" proves there is a much larger audience for poetry in America than has yet been reached. The program's mailbag is filled regularly with letters from all parts of the country and all sections of the population. A transport worker's family in the Bronx, a fraternity house in a college up in Maine, a lawyer in Union City, an English class in a Southern high school, a housewife in Dubuque, a farmer in Idaho, write to say they never knew there was poetry like Sandburg's, or they have a Lindsay favorite they'd like to hear soon, or they want to know where Sterling Brown's poems can be bought, or they think the portraits in Dos Passos' *USA* would be good material for adaptation. Several ask for copies of the script or for electrical transcriptions of the broadcast. And the flood of requests for repeat performances resulted in the scheduling of three during the last two months. In sum, it can be said that the exciting, fresh presentations of "Words Without Music" are awakening great numbers to the pleasures of poetry and are renewing in thousands of others a desire to read verse.

Of course many poets are submitting their work for use on the show, and some, stimulated by the possibilities of the program, are writing verse plays especially for it. Most of these are new, young poets; the poets of reputation tend to adopt a purist attitude toward Corwin's method, objecting to interpolations and cutting, to any change in the poet's original work. But there are others who are aware of the hitherto insignificant response to their work and of the great new audience offered them by the radio. They know that "To have great poets there must be great audiences too." MILTON MELTZER.

Ennui on the Moors

Goldwyn's version of "Wuthering Heights."

THERE are two ways to entertain people at the movies—by making them laugh and making them cry. The latter method had virtually been forgotten until Sam Goldwyn made *Wuthering Heights,* now stationed at the packed Rivoli (N.Y.). It must not be grudged at the outset that Mr. Goldwyn has got his effects with as much of art as Hollywood is vouchsafed. William Wyler's direction is not merely workmanlike but thoughtful, and the roles are impressively realized by Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, David Niven, Hugh Williams, and Geraldine Fitzgerald. Emily Bronte, a talented Englishwoman, is the idea man and Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, authors of *Gunga Din,* have worked over her rough draft for the cam-

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era. It is rumored that Miss Bronte emphasized more the boredom of life a hundred years ago on the Yorkshire moors and that her love interest, the affair between Cathy Earnshaw and the Gypsy, Heathcliff, was more a consequence of this unending loneliness than of the mystic chemistry of souls chosen to be emphasized by the screenwriters. But the idea has served for film purposes. With the aid of several carloads of real heather the grand and doomed amour is brought off fetchingly. *Wuthering Heights* will stand among the American screen masterpieces, including *Way Down East, Over the Hill,* and *Mighty Lak a Rose.* Nobody thought *My Man Godfrey* could be done sadlike, but Mr. Goldwyn has done it.

FRENCH FILM

Since there is nothing out of the ordinary about the plot it will be well to talk about the players in *L'Alibi,* a French film at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse (N.Y.). They are Eric von Stroheim and Louis Jouvet, Albert Prejean, an agreeable Rene Clair alumnus who is not seen enough for my taste, and Jany Holt, a sensitive but overly enameled *artiste.* There are a pair of clever murders by von Stroheim, an American telepathist entertaining in a Paris night club. Jouvet, inspector of police, puts his handsome copper, Prejean, to work trying to break von Stroheim's alibi, which is Mlle. Holt.

Jouvet and von Stroheim could have exchanged roles in the game of wits. They have together a stiff, deliberate style, and low, melancholy voices, so somber and controlled that the roll of an eyeball or a grimace at the mouth is enough for interpretation. Who can forget Jouvet stealing the picture *Carnival in Flanders* with these little suggestive tricks, although he had little footage and spent most of it backstage and out of the action. Von Stroheim indulges his amusing, romantic habit of costume—a monk's cowl and white surplice, for instance—and stages several diverting tableaux reeking with Prussian decadence. He has a Chinese maidservant and a villainous manservant to cut his toenails and bring him coffee in his bath. I am intrigued with the idea of what a bizarre film he and Eisenstein might do together, with Tisse on hand to photograph their symbolisms. It might be done one day, for von Stroheim, I hear, would like to make a film in the USSR. What might they do with *Europa,* for instance?

If you like acting, and can overlook sound and photography so poor that it is like looking at a reflection down a well as the muffled voices come rolling up, you will do well to visit *L'Alibi.*

"THE FLYING IRISHMAN"

Douglas Corrigan, who will be remembered by older readers, has tackled Hollywood in much the same way as he flew. The wrong way. It is pleasant to report that he has achieved almost as resounding a success in his picture, *The Flying Irishman,* now at the Rialto (N.Y.). RKO has handled the peculiar fellow with wisdom. Like the real Corrigan, the screen Corrigan is not much on love or dramatics; give him a wrench or an acetylene torch for hand props and a greasy leather jacket for costume and the artistic verities have been paid off. The effect is something unique for the American film. This documentary narrative of a single-minded American boy who wants nothing but to fly is a fine, true picture, an American success story that does not have the vulgar end of vice presidencies and penthouses, but simply the fulfillment of a kid's dream of becoming a transport pilot. In the unwinding the script sticks to the laconic facts of airplane factory and flying field with minor threads, rather like anecdote, of Corrigan's family and fellow workers. There is a lot of humor and some pathos, happily understated because of the star's total inability to act. He says his lines in a high nasal voice, without expression, his hands hanging at his sides. The screenwriters, Dalton Trumbo and Ernest Pagano, and director Leigh Jason are due much credit for the surprising effectiveness of *The Flying Irishman.*

JAMES DUGAN.

Saroyan, Playwright

The Group Theater gives "My Heart's in the Highlands."

LIKE John Steinbeck, William Saroyan is humble before the common people. He is against humbug and knavery and death, brave fellow, and he's dreadfully puzzled as to what to do about it. His first play, *My Heart's in the Highlands,* has the luck of being produced by the Group Theater. Nowhere else could such a play as this get past the first speeches—but the Group's actors, director, music, and *tout ensemble* keep you with it until the last change is rung.

It is a formless, structureless poetic drama, flowing sweetly along to Paul Bowles' faraway tunes and the author's vivid, impulsive dialogue. It would be cruel exposure to summarize the happenings beyond merely listing them. There is an unpublished poet, his small son, his Armenian mother in a little house; some neighbors; Mr. Cossack, the Czech storekeeper; the Great War; an aged Shakespearean actor with a magic trumpet; California nights and days; and the ceaseless demands of life upon the dreamer. Philip Loeb as the poet, Sidney Lumet, a ten-year-old veteran of the Yiddish theater, as the son, Art Smith as the patriarchal actor, and the rest of the *dramatis personae* gave Mister Saroyan handsome measure as his cast, and Robert Lewis' direction is as richly imaginative as anything the Group has given us. Mr. Bowles' music is notably keyed into the conception.

I liked the play enormously. I don't think it is significant, socially or as dramaturgy, except as a testament that Mister Saroyan loves us all and hates the racket of modern life. His heart's in the highlands and his head is at home.

BARNABY HOTCHKISS.

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Dance Events

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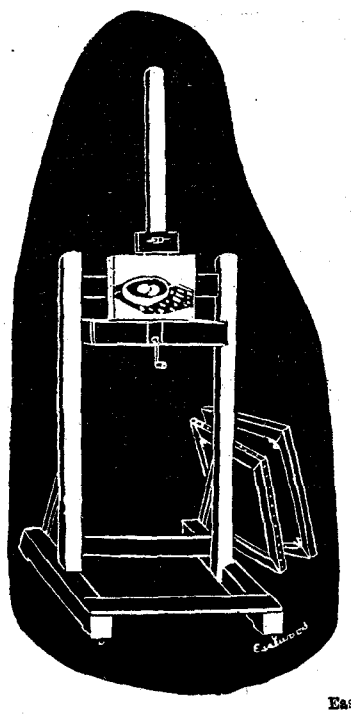
AT THE Ninety-second Street YMHA (N. Y.), which continues its policy of presenting at popular prices some of the better dance functions of the season, the Dance Observer offered Louis Horst and the Martha Graham Concert Group in a lecture-demonstration and concert. The lecture-demonstration indicated the primary elements of form to be discovered in the intricate patterns of the Renaissance court dances, in primitive, archaic, medieval, and jazz dances. The concert was given over to the individual members of the Graham group to demonstrate that their labors in formal composition had not formalized their own work.

Among the dances presented, especially notable were the folk lyrics, the melodic *Two Songs about Lenin* by Sophie Maslow and the ballad-like *Americana* by Nelle Fisher, an unconquerably defiant *Espana!* by Anita Alvarez, *The Bereaved,* dance of exile done in traditional Yiddish movement by Thelma Babitz, two well turned group folk compositions by Sophie Maslow's group, and an elegant satire on Diamond Horseshoe ballet by Nelle Fisher and Frieda Flier.

While their technical training has been more or less similar, and excellent, each dancer exhibits an individual approach to composition, thematically and structurally. The one common note is the understanding that the dancer's place is among the people, reflecting, commenting on, and participating in their struggles.

Other members of the group participating in the program were Ethel Butler, Jane Dudley, Nina Fonaroff, and Marie Marchowsky, each contributing dances of merit to the evening. Assisting Louis Horst at the piano was Ralph Gilbert. The colorful costumes were by Edythe Gilfond. OWEN BURKE.



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The editorial board asked us to warn you of the magazine's danger. We consider you, like ourselves, owners of New Masses. Our venture for democracy, for peace, may die this week.

America cannot afford to let it die.

But the magazine—yours and ours—that sounds the bugle call to action against fascism may die next week.

Will we let it die? Will you let it die?

Or will we help it survive to lead in the good fight?

Send in what you can—$100, $50, $10, $1—any amount you can, to keep America's Hitlers from saying:

"Well, New Masses is dead. Our job is that much easier."

Ralph Bates
Paul de Kruif
R Forsythe
Ruth McKenney
Dorothy Parker
Donald Ogden Stewart

NEW MASSES, 461 FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y. C.
Here is my contribution to the *New Masses* drive for $30,000.

Amount.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

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